

Edward Griffith. 1780

THE
TRIFLER:

OR,

A RAMBLE
AMONG THE
WILDS OF FANCY,
THE
WORKS OF NATURE,
AND THE
MANNERS OF MEN.

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N :

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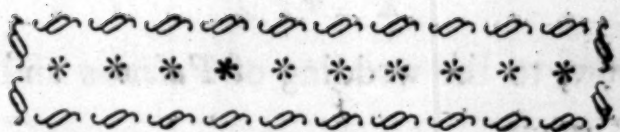
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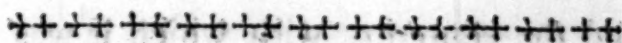
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and fixed my hands upon his shoulders with an attempt to leap over his head—what the matter now? —O! you lucky dog, said I, taking him by the hand, I have an invitation for you, from my dear friends to go the day after to morrow.



THE
T R I F L E R.



C H A P. LVII.

✱✱+✱✱ EYDAY! exclaimed
✱ H ✱ *Philario*, as I followed
✱ ✱+✱✱ him into the parlour,
and fixed my hands upon his shoulders, with an attempt to leap over his head---what's the matter now?
---O! you lucky dog, said I, taking him by the hand, I have an invitation for you, from my dear little *Phillis*, to go, the day after to-mor-

row, to the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*.

The wedding of my -----, said *Philario*.

The grossness of the expression, and the contempt with which it was uttered, struck me all of a heap in a moment.---I turned to the window without saying another word; and employed myself, as an idle man does, in reading the curious scrawls upon the glass; while *Philario* stalked about the room, whistling a discontented lullaby to the tune of his disordered affections.

What a saying! said I to myself---how horrid would it appear if it were recorded!---and yet how expressive of
his

his contempt for my proposal !---how
conclusive and satisfactory !---a hun-
dred words would not have done the
business half so well---it was coming
to the point at once---and pardon
me, ye delicious, *maidenly* critics,
said I, if, through the sincerity of my
heart, and the duty I owe to nature,
in all her vagaries, as well as to real
facts, I am forced to set down the
abominable phrase, with all its ap-
purtenances thereunto belonging.

Well, sir, said I to *Philario*, turn-
ing suddenly about---I think, after
the toils of this day, we may venture
upon some brandy and water, and a
pipe.---I think so too, said *Philario*,
whistling.---Suppose we order sup-
per, said I, eagerly.---As you please,

said he, indifferently.----Pshaw! said I, ringing the bell, furiously.

We were within an inch of a quarrel.---About what?---Nothing!

We walked hastily, backwards and forwards, from one end of the room to the other---with our arms folded---our brows knitted---and our eyes darting flashes of resentment upon the floor---upon the chairs---upon the tables---and, now and then, upon one another.

What would you please to have? said *Fanny*, entering the room.---To have! child, said I.---Yes, sir, said *Fanny*. Did not you ring the bell? ---O! I cry you mercy, my dear---
bring

bring some brandy and water, and some pipes---and let us know what we can have for supper.

The brandy and water, with the pipes and tobacco, were placed upon the table, and the supper was ordered.

And who were those pretty lasses, and that gentleman, whom you parted with, so cordially, just now? said *Philario*---puffing out a monstrous cloud of smoke from his pipe, with the very quintessence of indifference in his manner.---No matter, said I---and I had like to have retorted his vile phrase upon him---but the extreme delicacy of my nature rebelled against the shocking

expression.---You are angry, said he
 ---looking me full in the face.---Not
 I, indeed !---No---no---no---said I---
 you mistake me quite---knocking the
 ashes out of my pipe, and reaching
 the tobacco, in order to fill another.

Curse those fellows, said *Philario*,
 for they have spoiled that delicate
 building in the park, by scrawling
 nonsense, and their infamous names
 all over it---and I own it has thrown
 me out of temper---will you excuse
 me?---Curse them again, said I, for
 they have given an interruption to
 the heyday of our pleasures, and for
 which I really think they richly de-
 serve to be hanged.---Rot 'em, said
Philario---let us think no more of
 'em---let us pursue our pleasures---

I have

I have nothing worth relating to you
 ---and you have much to inform me
 of---pray be so good.---Then you
 will go to the wedding of *Paleman*,
 said I, dryly.---Wherever you please,
 said *Philario*, eagerly.

---We shook hands, and were the
 best friends in the world.---

I told *Philario*, hastily, every thing
 I had learned concerning that charm-
 ing party --- and I dwelt particu-
 larly upon the extreme kindness, and
 easy affability of my delightful *Phillis*.

I think, said *Philario*, oddly, she
 was very kind indeed!---and I must
 acknowledge that I think it as extra-
 ordinary to find you so suddenly at-
 tached

tached to this sprightly little damsel.

---You! who always seem as if you had deserted the women, or were deserted by them.

Appearances, said I, are very deceitful. --- The greater bustle you make about women, the less you have to do with them in reality. --- *Phillis* suited my taste---and were all women as ingenuous, as affable, and as artless as *Phillis*, I should be ever prostrate at the feet of the whole sex. --- But the ways of the world are so confined, and so contemptible, that the intercourse between the sexes is nothing more than a ridiculous parade; divested of every thing that is natural, and
furcharged

furcharged with prudery, coquetry, and folly.---

Besides, you know, *Philario*, said I, that I am bashful and reserved in my nature---and dare not push myself into any company, much less into the ladies----before whom I stand with as much reverence, as a bare-headed friar at the altar.---So much, indeed, do I stand in awe of the women, that the artless and good-natured confidence of *Phillis*, made me fearful she was growing too fond---and urged me to insinuate such a suspicion, in an observation the most shocking and contemptible.

You had some reason, too---said *Philario*, smiling.---

Nay,

Nay, nay, nay, said I, you are jealous, *Philario*. --- *Phillis* has been bred in the country---she knows no guile---she thinks of nothing but of nymphs as innocent as herself, and of swains as harmless as I am.---Her imagination is full of the approaching bliss of her beloved *Palemon* and *Lavinia*; with some natural struggles and wishes concerning her own happiness.---Her soul being in perfect harmony with the sweet music of those murmurs, and soft languishing expressions, which she is ever witness to in the lovers she attends; it is no wonder, when we preserved her from the dreadful storm, like deities descended from above, that she should consider us

as of the number of the gods, and receive me, without the least hesitation, but with the greatest joy and gratitude, into her open and benevolent bosom.

Into her! exclaimed *Philario*---bursting into a horse-laugh.---

Into her!---aye---into her open and benevolent bosom---said I---what would you make of it but a kind and civil return for my services?

Very civil, indeed, said *Philario*.

Look you here, *Philario*, said I, warmly---I have given you a description of *Phillis*.---I think her as chaste and as lovely a little girl as
ever

ever the sun shone upon.----If you think she was too free and too open (*Philario* dropped his pipe) and you will have it that there are flaws in her character, not warrantable according to the shackles with which we hamper her defenceless sex; I must tell you that Nature, or the Deity, or what you please, formed her----“thou canst not say I did it”----and therefore, I can have no farther concern in the matter, than to draw my portrait of her according to the original.

----Not what you----or any critic in England, may think *Phillis* should have been, or how she *ought* to have acted----but what she *was*, and the manner in which she really conducted herself.

This

This is my province, fir critic, said I----and I desire you will take notice of it for the future.----Your makers of characters spoil nature to gratify the delicate and feeble taste of the times----but that shall not be my fault.----Rough or smooth----coarse or fine----high or low---- you shall have my characters faithfully depicted according to their originals ---so far, at least, as I may be empowered by my knowledge of the subject.

What the plague are you talking about? said *Philario*.----To whom are you addressing this strange rhapsody of characters and originals?---

To nobody----said I.

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To nobody---said I.

C H A P. LVIII.

THERE are two gentlemen, said *Fanny*, as she entered the parlour, would be glad to be admitted, and to spend the evening with you, if it may be agreeable.

What say you? said *Philario*, turning to me.---O! with all my heart, said I.

---But my dear, cried *Philario*, we would much rather have your company.---O la! sir, said *Fanny*,---simpering---I dare say not.---Egad, said *Philario*, rising, you are a pretty

ty girl---and I must---indeed I must
---Nay, nay, nay,---don't make a
fuss about it.

For shame! sir, said *Fanny*.

And pray, my dear, what is your
name? said *Philario*:---They call
me *Fanny*, sir.---*Fanny*!---A migh-
ty pretty name, indeed.---So, my
dear *Fanny*---Pshaw! now---prithee
---What a little obstreperous bag-
gage!---

Fy! sir, said *Fanny*.

What say you, *Fanny*, to a walk
in the park?---O! sir, it is too late---
and I have been there already.---
You have been in the park!---I wish
I had found you in the grotto.---I
was there this evening, said *Fanny*,

laughing---for I am very fond of that enchanting place.---It is an enchanting place, indeed, said *Philario*, and in honour to your taste, you little rogue, I will give it the name of

Fanny's enchanting dell.

O dear me ! said *Fanny*, blushing, ---But, sir, the gentlemen are waiting---do let me go.---Who are they, and what are they like ? said *Philario*. ---We don't know who they are---they are travellers, and very grave looking gentlemen.

Philosophers---by this light, cried *Philario*.

Well, *Fanny*, you may ---but come, come --- once more --- once more

more--and then --- (Lord! sir, said *Fanny*)---you may give our compliments to the gentlemen, *Fanny*---and tell them that we shall be glad of their company.---Yes, sir, said *Fanny*.---And O! cried *Philario*, don't be in such a hurry, child---tell the gentlemen what we have ordered for supper---and desire them to make what additions they please---I will, to be sure, said *Fanny*---pinning her tucker, and shutting the door after her---
 here---We don't know who they are, and very grave

Very well---said I---now I hope, *Philario*, that your temper will be entirely cleared of every irascible particle in its composition. By my soul, I think you have had more kissing, in five minutes, with this

little shy slut, than I got from the
free and generous *Phillis* in an hour!

I don't know that---said *Philario*---
but this I know, that I'll match my
little nimble chambermaid with e'er
a *Phillis* in England, for fire and
spirit. --- Egad! she is a delicious
witch.---Now, I like your little girls
the best---for they are as light as
feathers, as full of vivacity as fro-
licksome kittens, and so handy with
al, that you may tofs them wherever
you please.

But they will scratch, and spit,
and swear sometimes---wont they?
said I.---

Ah! that's the devil---said *Phila-
rio*---but it's Whitsuntide---it's kis-
sing

ling time of the year---I like it vastly---and I'll have some more of it too---even at the hazard of my nose. ---But so---here come the philosophers.---

Philosophers indeed!----for they were as grave as judges, as sententious as pleaders, and as conceited as coxcombs.

We saluted them at their entrance with politeness---they received our compliments, not as the emanations of our own urbanity, but as a duty we owed to their superior characters.---We began our conversation with remarks, as usual, upon the weather.---We declared it was very fine.---They contended that it was disagreeably hot and fulsome---that

there was no abiding it.---We stared with surprize, and winked at each other.----We asked them if they had been in the Park-----they did not know that there was such a place in the neighbourhood---We dwelt upon its beauties, and the delights of the spring.---They paid not the least attention to our observations.

But they were philosophers--and above the common feelings of humanity, in this charming season of the year.

Philario bit his lower lip, until it was inflamed.--I saw he had a great mind to kick the horrid prigs---but he turned away from them, and filled his pipe, with a contempt in his

coun-

countenance, which I would not have been the object of, for the universe---it was so merited and so poignant.

These strangers--for strange they were indeed! soon let us into their characters--for they ascended at once so far above our conceptions, that we could not perceive a glimpse of the regions to which they aspired. ---One of them, we found, was a *chymist*---the other an *experimental philosopher*---if any difference there be in these denominations---for we must honestly confess they were both equally unintelligible to us, notwithstanding these sons of science endeavoured to elucidate the intent and meaning of their professions with a

circumlocution, and a group of technical terms, sufficient in length and number, to have described, with the utmost perspicuity, the grand revolutions of the planetary system.

We found that they were adventurers in the prosecution and publication of some new discoveries in natural philosophy---and that they were travelling about the country in order to make themselves known to society---and to propagate a belief among mankind that they were the most exalted beings upon the face of the earth.

It is not surprizing, under this prejudice in favour of their own pursuits in life, that they should pay no regard

regard to our concerns--and that they should be very communicative, in order to draw our attention from the fields, the groves, the grottos, and our delightful nymphs, to the mighty world of wonders which was contained within their phlegmatic and disordered heads.--Besides they meant to profit by their labours, and, by their travels, to recommend the sale of their commodities.

Under these considerations, which we soon found to be the case, we unbended a little, and listened to them with some attention---for all trades must live---and we were in hopes that the occupations of these ridiculous animals, might, like our own pursuits, be harmless at least

---and

—and we wished they might reap the common benefit, among other competitors for bread, of acquiring a sufficient quantity of the necessities of life to make their existence comfortable.

We began to enter heartily into their affairs, and to converse with them freely---as far as our slender abilities would permit us.—But we were exactly what they could wish—we knew nothing of the subjects of their discourse—so that we listened, or seemed to listen, with that astonishment and respect, which often deceives a fool into the opinion of his being taken for a sage.

C H A P. LIX.

DURING the course of their observations, among which, (for like quacks they knew every thing) they talked of men, animals, and the various distempers that destroy the race of mortals; I accidentally complained of a giddiness in my head---which I, with great simplicity, attributed to a nervous disorder in my stomach.

But the *experimental philosopher* assured me it was no such thing---that it was owing to the grossness of our atmosphere, which was impregnated with too much *phlogiston* for the

the purposes of animal existence, and was the cause of all the disorders incident to the human frame.

He swore that he could *manufacture* air, out of any kind of earth, free from *phlogiston*, and combined with the *nitrous acid*, to such a degree of perfection, that it should be five times purer than common air; and, consequently, he could make air much better than the Lord had done it.

He said that there were only himself, his companion, another gentleman, and a mouse, that had tasted it--but that he was now resolved, for the benefit of mankind, to travel through the land, and render his astonishing discovery of that use to society, without which all improvements in
the

the sciences were idle, vain, and impertinent.

He observed that the *phlogiston* in the common air which I breathed, rendered it too *inflammable* for the state of my stomach---that it caused those disturbances there, as well as in my bowels and head, which I complained of---and that I must avoid making use of it as much as possible.

For this purpose he told me he had a large jar full of genuine air, prepared out of the materials above-mentioned, wherein the *phlogistic* qualities had been *dephlogisticated* to such a superior purity, to the best sort of common air, which I could possibly

possibly meet with, either upon hill,
in dale, through wood, or valley,
that I need not doubt, by using it in
the manner he should propose, but
that I should recover my health, and
be the happiest man alive.

You seem, sir, said the *experimental*
philosopher, to be rather attached to
your pipe; which, though it has,
certainly, too much of the *phlogiston*,
in it for your complaint, and is very
bad for you; yet, when turned to
the advantage I intend it, you will
receive a pleasure, as well as a profit,
in the use of it:—for, instead of
smoking *inflammable* tobacco, you
shall smoke *dephlogisticated* air—
which may be very easily done, by
placing one end of a glass syphon,
which I have prepared for the pur-
pose

pole, in the jar, with the other end of it in your mouth.

But though it be customary, and very necessary too, to puff away the fume of the tobacco, in your amusement of smoking, you must act contrariwise in the use of my *dephlogistified* air.---You must swallow it at every inspiration, and at every expiration you must not puff it by the side of the tube, but straight down into it again.---Thus by its going upwards and downwards, backwards and forwards in the action of breathing, the *dephlogistified* air will get into the stomach,---the *phlogistic* air out of it (for if one thing come into a place which is full, the other must, according to all the laws of motion,

go out of it) and you will enjoy the pleasure of your pipe, with very little variation as to the manner of it, but with an advantage to yourself, seldom to be met with among our most favourite amusements.

The jar you may place upon the table, and your chair near to it---so that the tube may reach your mouth with convenience to yourself.---But as a great deal will depend upon how long you may be disposed to smoke at a sitting, it will be necessary to think a little farther upon the subject.---For in consequence of the air passing and repassing from the jar to your stomach, and from your stomach to the jar; in course of time the *dephlogisticated* air in the jar, will
be

be affected by the *phlogistic* air in your stomach, to such a degree, that it will become useless, and require a fresh supply. --- It will likewise be spoiled for a future use of it, should you stop, as I may say, in the middle of your pipe---or before you have exhausted the virtues of the pure air in the jar.---Therefore I must bethink me of another method of furnishing you with my new *manufactory* of air, in small quantities, for the purpose of smoking as many, and as few pipes of it as you please, without either loss of time, or any part of the virtues of this invaluable discovery.

Suppose I fill you a parcel of small bladders, which you may call so many pipes ; and each of which shall take

about the time in smoking as a pipe full of tobacco would do.----These, which I can furnish you with, at a certain rate *per* bladder, will be made use of with infinite pleasure and satisfaction.----For as each bladder will be very light, so, when properly fixed to the end of your tube, you may toss it about---sit with it--walk with it--or do any thing with it, as comfortably as with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe.

When you are disposed to talk, you have nothing to do, but to clap the end of your thumb against the end of your tube---that the pure air may not be exhausted---and as you will have no occasion to spit, as you were wont to do with tobacco; this
action

action of the thumb will add a much better grace to your conversation, than the other of spitting, and give as necessary a pause to your periods.

When you ride or walk in the country, I would not have you trust solely to common air for your supply, though it be purer in the fields than in houses or towns ; but fix a bladder of my *dephlogisticated* air to your nose---so that by stopping up one nostril, and making a tube of the other, you may take a hearty sniff, now and then, for the benefit of your stomach and intestines. A little fungus matter, which I shall fix in the neck of the bladder, will be sufficient to preserve the air, and at the same time, admit of your snif-

fing it out for the purposes aforesaid.
 ----As to the affair of your nose----
 how the bladders are to be fixed----
 and so forth----leave that to me----
 The nose will admit of boring as
 well as the ears, which may be
 proved by the practice of the In-
 dians.----Then with respect to the
 grotesque appearance of a bladder
 dangling from your nose----it signi-
 fies nothing.----For as it will soon
 become a fashion to wear bladders
 as well as bags, every coxcomb in
 the kingdom will have one, though
 it be filled with the noxious and
phlogistic effluvium, issuing from his
 own contaminated lungs.

I observe, sir, said the *experimental*
philosopher, that there is something
 of

of the *phlogiston* in your nose---for it looks red and inflamed.---Now, if we may judge of the inside of a thing by the outside, I should apprehend, sir, that your brains were affected by this damnable *phlogiston*.

---Pray, sir, said the *experimental philosopher*, don't you find some strange whims and conceits in your head, which you cannot help plaguing your friends with, at certain seasons of the year?----

That's true enough, said I.----

O! sir, said the *experimental philosopher*, it's plain---mighty plain indeed!---These gross flatulencies are enough to drive us all mad.---But, sir, the use of my bladders of *dephlogisticated* air, will work a perfect

cure in less than a month---for some parts of the sniffings, which must be rather violent, as it will be like drawing air through a sponge, will go into your head, and the rest into your stomach---so that your brains will be benefited, both with respect to your common giddiness, which arises from the stomach, and your uncommon vagaries, wanderings, and imaginary freaks, which proceed from the *phlogiston* in your head; and which have been, and are likely to be, so troublesome to yourself as well as to society.

The *experimental philosopher* making a pause with symptoms of self-sufficiency, and tokens of regard for my welfare, as well as evident marks
 . of

of his astonishing sagacity; I thought it necessary to comply with his humour---and thanked him very cordially for his concern for mankind in general, and especially for his singular efforts to adapt his inconceivably meritorious *nosstrum* to the purposes of my *phlogisticated* nose, brains, bowels, and stomach.---But I could not help, though with much complacency and diffidence in the manner of it, making a very great objection to the wearing of a pig or calf's bladder to my nose----and, in particular, I intimated a strong aversion to the boring part of the ceremony.

These objections, however, had no other effect upon the *experimental*

C 4 *philosopher,*

philosopher, than to rouse his indignation---for I found, not to yield an implicit faith and obedience to the mandates of a philosopher, was as dangerous as to dispute the authority of an absolute monarch.

I was extremely surprized, upon my mentioning my poor thoughts of the matter, and lightly touching upon the more immediate effect, which I apprehended his genuine air would have upon the lungs in preference to the stomach; to see this immaculate son of the sciences, incontinently lay hold of the candle, wave it several times round his head, and if, through the velocity of its motion, the centrifugal force had not entirely overpowered the centripetal,

petal,

petal, so that the candle flew off, at a right line from the plane of it's orbit, into the middle of the room, thereby diverting the intention of the philosopher; I really think he would have sent it plump at my nose, as a token of his contempt for the *pblogiflon* which it contained, and the consequences that might attend the refusal of his good offices in it's favour.

Luckily, the candle, though a very small body to that of the philosopher, exhibited, upon this occasion, such a surprizing power of gravity, as to draw the monster after it; as well as to divert his rage from his patient to himself: for, after snatching the candle up with great haste,
and

and placing it as quickly in the socket, he fell squat into his chair---set about biting his nails---scratching his head---fretting his perriwig--pulling his breeches---scrubbing his legs, until, by the influence of all these extravagant motions of a man very much troubled in mind, he closed the scene with the finest *devil's tattoo* I ever saw performed by the most miserable fanatic upon the face of the earth.

After having rattled, with the heel of his shoe, upon the floor, for a considerable time, he cast his eyes, alternately, upon me and the candle ---and seemed by his looks to meditate another attempt at my nose---but prudence, or something else, getting

ting the better of such his savage design, his passion began to vent itself in something like invectives.--But at first, his sentences were so short and indistinct, that I could not gather the sense of them.--

What!--said the *experimental philosopher*, shall every puppy---block-head---fool---idiot?---O! by Jupiter!--fine doings!--I! who am the admiration of the world, and the companion of the rich, the polite and gay!--inconceivably absurd!--abrupt!--impertinent!--ignorant!--senseless!--pragmatical!--saucy!--wretched!--mean!--detestable!--Oh!--torture!--distracti^on!--Oh!--

By

By this time the rattling of the *philosopher's* heel upon the floor, had gradually increased, from word to word, as he went on, to such an amazing velocity, as to be much superior to the best drummer's *roll* in the kingdom----and he exhibited a perfect scientific phenomenon.

He continued crying Oh!--as a passionate man does, when he cannot contain himself, and is afraid to burst into extremities, until the muscles of his face became risible ; and he fell into a kind of half-begotten laugh. It certainly was a mongrel breed---for it was neither the effect of joy nor grief, jollity nor rage, singly----but a horrid mixture of all the passions.--

A cer-

A certain monitor, ever at the elbow of a man of science, having whispered to our *experimental philosopher*, in the height of his passion, that it was ridiculous for so great a man to hurry himself about such trifles; he suddenly affected to turn the matter into a joke:---and, as this method of correcting me was the least dangerous of the two, he did not hesitate a moment upon the business.--- But as he was still under the dominion of passion, as well as a contemptuous species of mirth; so, in his words and actions, he appeared the strangest motly figure of fun I ever beheld.---

Well, sir, said the *experimental philosopher*, and so you don't like to have

have a bladder to your nose---no, truly, you don't---no--no--no.---And then you think my *dephlogisticated* air is better calculated for the lungs than the stomach.---What ! I suppose you heard of my curing a mouse of a consumption !----ha ! ha ! ha !----Zounds ! sir---I tell you the stomach will be equally affected with the lungs, by my *dephlogisticated* air---and that I lead all the people of fashion in the kingdom by the nose already.---But, I beg your pardon, sir---I had forgotten myself, sir---you are, perhaps, unacquainted in that great circle.---But---sir---really I admire your wonderful sagacity, sir.---How is it possible I should be so capable of applying the *dephlogisticated* air, properly, who have made it my study

study for these several years, as you, fir, who never heard of such a thing in your life before ?---O ! no--it must be impossible---quite impossible---utterly impossible.---By G---, fir, it is provoking---curfedly provoking---damme !---zounds !--- blood !---thunder !---fir, your most obedient--fir--it is mighty well---very pretty, truly. ---Ay---ay---ay---ha ! ha ! ha !---O ! how clever ! how merry ! how extremely jocose.---But, fir---do you know that my *dephlogistlicated* air will soon be a fashionable article in luxury ?---Do you know that, fir ?---hey ! ---Do you know, fir, that the finest ladies in the land shall wear bladders to their noses, in all public places of entertainment, that the noxious air which they breathe, may be qualified
by

by a sniff, occasionally, of my article?----Can you see the advantage this will be to commerce, by the prodigious consumption of *certain machines*, which will do much better for the noses of the ladies, than for the vile purposes to which they are at present applied?----mark that, sir. Can you see that, sir?---Can you see, sir, how pleasantly these bladders will operate as fans, in the exercise of dancing; and how sweetly, by their flapping, they will diversify the face of a fine girl?----Why, sir, you must be an idiot---palpably an idiot---if you can't understand this.---And then, sir, don't you think our wicked rascals the beaux will be foiled in their attempts to be rude to the ladies, by the interposition of these

these bladders?---will not these bladders keep the beaux off, as I may say, in spite of their noses?---but how will every fine gentleman be compensated for the loss of a lady's lips, by the delicious whiffs of my *dephlogisticated* air, which after every sniff, she will puff into the mouth of her admirer! thereby rendering it unnecessary for the men to wear their bladders at a ball.--Good God! sir, it is astonishing, even to cast a casual reflection upon the extreme utility of this sublime discovery! Can't you perceive, even at a distance, how the bodies, the minds, the houses, and in particular, the public assemblies of mankind, will be purified by it? Will not the playhouses and the operas, be the sweetest receptacles of

health and longevity, for the nobility and gentry of the land to resort to, in consequence of my *dephlogisticated* air?---A commodity which I can *manufacture* in any quantities---and convey it into such places with the greatest ease imaginable----so as to purify the noxious vapours, which formerly infested them, to such a degree of excellence, as to render the ambient air more salubrious than the atmosphere of Montpellier, or the most favourite haunts of our valetudinarians ---Will not our stews and cells, those infernal regions of the profligate, and the wretched, become sweet and wholesome by these means? and will it not be a happiness for such a man as you are, who can hardly exist
among

among the pestilential vapours that infest our common atmosphere, to be sent to a gaol?

This last observation being a capital stroke, stopped the career of the *experimental philosopher*.---- A glow of self-approbation spread itself over his face. The delights of his discovery, and his future consequence seemed to have taken full possession of his heart.----He totally forgot the objections I had made---- And, taking it for granted that I must be struck with reverence for his character, he smiled upon me with great benignity; while the faculties of his soul, and the whole train of his passions, were at once dissolved in the silent contemplation of his prowess, and his magnanimity.

C H A P. LX.

IMmediately upon the *experimental* philosopher's beginning his lecture (if I may call it so) upon the virtues of his *dephlogisticated* air, the *chymist* was absorbed in a profound meditation upon his own affairs---which was very natural---for we generally find the philosophers too much engaged in the contemplation of the merits of their own pursuits, to listen to the concerns of other people.

He sat, sometimes twirling his thumbs---at other times placing his left hand across his forehead---looking

ing at vacancy---or, seemingly, contemplating the lake which *Philario* (who was engaged in a mental ramble over the beauties of the park, and the sweetly perplexing recesses of the sprightly chambermaid) had made, in the action of smoking, upon the floor.

Whether this lake had suggested to the *chymist* the multifarious experiments he had been making, with his chymical preparations, upon water; or that he might catch the idea of water, in opposition to the word air, which he might, accidentally, hear his brother in the clouds utter, I will not presume to determine: But it so happened, that before the *experimental philosopher* had gone

through half of his advice to me, the *chymist* began to be extremely restless---and, as if some extraordinary discovery had agitated his breast, he set a heaving, and sighing, and stretching, and yawning, until, being unable to bear any longer the workings of his imagination, he started up---ran bolt with his forehead against the cornice of the chimney-piece---broke his shins against the fire-place---kicked down two or three chairs---and, at length, after many embarrassments, which had not the least effect upon the muscles of his face, he sallied forth into the yard.

Philario, who, in his mental ramble through the park, had just got
into

into *Fanny's* enchanting dell, knew no more than the moon what the *chymist* had been about, but very peaceably went on with his own business.

The *chymist*, however, soon returned, with a glass full of seemingly fermented liquor, together with a parcel of phials, and other apparatus, which he placed upon a side table; and then very philosophically seated himself upon a chair, directly fronting *Philario*, with evident marks of some designs to draw that gentleman from his reverie, and engage his attention to some surprizing discoveries in chymistry.

It happened, not unnaturally, as will be seen hereafter, that the *chy-*

mist, in consequence of some business which he had been transacting in the yard, had totally forgot, very much like a philosopher, to reestablish his galligaskins in the exact order which decency requires upon such occasions --- so that he presented some things more laughable, if possible, than any of his chymical discoveries, full in the face of *Philario*.

While the *chymist* was hesitating how he should open his matters to *Philario*, and *Philario* was deeply engaged in *Fanny's* enchanting dell, behold that heavenly lass, like a fairy, or like queen Mab, or like an angel, or like what you please, steps into the room --- scarcely deigning to touch the floor with her feet --- and, with
the

the smiling face of sprightly alacrity, begins to replace the chairs, and adjust the tables for supper. --- But, lo at the instant the *experimental philosopher* had finished his lecture upon air --- the *chymist* had pronounced the introductory word, Sir, to *Philario* --- and *Philario* had cast an heedless glance upon the *chymist* --- *Fanny* espied the inverted flap of the galligaskins, and the miserable plight of their contents.

Now whether *Fanny* was really moved with horrible or risible ideas, at this shocking spectacle, I cannot say --- but she uttered, involuntarily, but with much vehemency, the tender ejaculation, "Lord bless me!" --- and immediately ran out of the room:

The

The direction of *Fanny's* eyes, and her sudden emotion upon the occasion, immediately drew *Philario's* to the point in question --- *Philario's* drew the *chymist's*, the *chymist's* drew the *philosopher's*, and the philosopher's mine --- so that in a second of time, that vast multitude of conceptions, which flew so rapidly through the minds of the company, were centred, at once, in an UNIT. --- *Philario* burst into a horse laugh, and began jumping and kicking about the room --- the *chymist* cried *pox take it*, and rectified the mistake --- the *philosopher* groaned --- and I set out after *Fanny*, to consider with her the nature of the case unmolested.

C H A P. LXI.

THE affair of the galligaskins having afforded a pause to the important matters under consideration, and checked, for the present, the ardour of our philosophers, we began seriously to think of supper; and rang the bell for that purpose.

Fanny appeared, but somewhat disconcerted. — The blush of conscious innocence glowed upon her cheeks, which, at the same time that it informed us she was as innocent as a new born child, it indicated that she was as sweet as the fresh blown rose.

On

On being desired, with the contaminated leer of insinuation, to put the tables in better order for the reception of the supper, than the *chymist* had done his galligaskins for philosophical investigation; she obeyed --- but such confusion, and disagreeable apprehensions, appeared in her lovely countenance, that I was in pain for the poor girl; and could not help cursing, very heartily, in my mind, that general, but illiberal inclination of fools, to shock the delicacy of decent female domestics, upon every ludicrous occasion.

From the very bottom of my soul I will positively swear, that although I have been incontinently accused of writing indelicately, yet, an indecent
 expression

expression uttered in the face of an harmless servant girl, who cannot defend herself, by avoiding the brutal attacks of her adversaries, hurts me more than an invidious stab at my reputation; and is, in my opinion, the most detestable species of cowardice imaginable ---- a meanness, which, if it were punishable by law, I should hardly think castration an adequate atonement for the crime.

But to return to our philosophers. —

Nothing remarkable happening at supper, but a dearth among the tarts by the ravaging hand of *Philario*, and some awkward grimaces at *Fanny* by the parched up fire eater the *chymist*,
that

that son of the infernal regions began to renew his attacks in form upon *Philario*; while the *experimental philosopher* composed himself to sleep--- and left me much more happily at rest, in the enjoyment of my pipe and my observations.

Sir---said the *chymist* to *Philario*--- you have, no doubt, heard of the sublimer part of *chymistry*---by which the *alchymist* has been enabled to make the *philosopher's stone*.---Now, I will not pretend to say that this exquisite art is brought to its original lustre, by the arduous labours of the glorious sons of this first of sciences; for, indeed, the pursuits of the learned in this perilous business, have rather drawn upon them, of late, the ridicule

cule of the vulgar --- but this I will warrant at the risk of my reputation, that more surprizing effects are produced by the toils of the *alchymist*, than the transmutation of metals, or the turning of lead into gold!

By the help of fire, you see, sir, we can reduce every thing to its first principle --- and by the admixture of the various analysis of different kinds of earth, air, water, fossils, funguses, and vegetables, we can make them assume whatever shapes we please, and invest them with any properties we like.---

Thus, you see, sir, we can make colliflowers of cabbages --- mushrooms of turnips --- peaches of potatoes --- earth of water --- and above
all,

all, sir, I can make *air of earth*---
and so vastly superiour in purity to
the noxious atmosphere we breathe
in, that, if this country will be ruled
by me, and my sleepy friend there
(who, nevertheless, is obliged to me
for the discovery) the inhabitants of
Britain may live and be happy to the
days of Methuselah.

Pbilario grew very restless---he got
up, and stretched himself---it was the
yawn of contempt and abhorrence.---

Pray, said the *chymist*, running to
the side table, where he had placed
his apparatus of phials, &c.---do give
me leave to prove the efficacy of
my art.---Taste that glass of liquor.

Pbilario

Philario put it to his lips.---How do you like it? said the *chymist*.---Not at all, said *Philario*---it has a brackish taste.---

O! sir, said the *chymist*, it is the finest water in the world.---None of the famous German spa's, nor any of our own baths, can produce half so good for the purposes of restoring decayed constitutions, and of clearing the blood and juices from every pestilential particle that may injure the circulation, or stop up the finer vessels of the body, so as to create the most dreadful distempers.---And this, sir, would you think it! is done by changing the properties of one body by the admixture of another.---For out of a preparation of my own,

which you see in this phial, I can, with a few drops, change ditch-water into spring-water, stagnated contagious lakes into clear translucent pools, muddy and stinking gutters into limpid and fragrant brooks ; and, what is more than all the rest, I can change common urine into the most salubrious medicine, for the benefit of mankind ; and which I am now travelling about the country in order to vend, under the denomination of the *Chymical Doctor's* NOSTRUM.

Why, sir, continued the *chymical doctor*, vehemently, that very tumbler of liquor, which you have done me the honour to taste, is nothing more nor less, except a few drops of this preparation which I put into it,

than

than some of my own urine, which I made in the glass for the purpose, immediately before I surprized the company, by entering the room with my breeches unbuttoned !

The devil it is ! said *Philario* ; then you infamous dog !---You *chymical* son of a whore.---

But here he was interrupted by some nauseous risings in his stomach, which set him a coughing, and straining, until his eyes were starting out of his head.---

--- You rogue !--- You villain !--- cried *Philario*, sputtering---I'll teach you to make your experiments upon me.---

The *chymist* stood motionless, with his mouth wide open—and *Pbilario* sent the glass of urine plump down his throat.---Then, snatching the powdered periwig of the miserable culprit, he boxed it about his ears, to the great diversion of the *Trisler*, and extreme terror of the *experimental philosopher*; who left his unfortunate brother to his fate, and flew out of the room in the twinkling of an eye.

But *Pbilario's* passion rising with the cuffs and blows which he most plenteously administered to his *patient* the *chymical doctor*, whose wretched countenance bespoke the utmost sorrow and contrition; I reminded my friend of the reptile he was punishing,

ing,

ing, and begged of him for God's
sake, to desist.

Philario loosed the frightened *chymist*
—who, finding himself at liberty,
at one spring gained the door, and,
at another vanished across the yard,
like a thief escaped from the hands
of the executioner.

C H A P. LXII.

PHILARIO rang the bell with the wildness of a madman in his visage.---*Fanny* entered the room with a rueful countenance---followed by the rest of the servants---together with the master and mistress of the house---who all stared at the fuming, fretting, and suffocated *Philario* with the utmost astonishment.

What is the matter, gentlemen? said the landlord.---Lord bless me! said his wife, I am frightened to death---I never heard the like before.---

G-----d----- you all together, roared *Philario*, how came ye, you infamous

famous miscreants, to introduce such a couple of infernal *quacks* to our company ?---One of the rascals has just given me a tumbler of his own contaminated p--- to drink ; declaring, at the same time, that it was the most efficacious medicine upon earth to recover decayed constitutions :---and if I had admitted one drop of it into my stomach, and had unluckily suffered it to enter any farther than my mouth ; by all that's sacred I would have put him instantly to death, murdered your whole family, and set the house, stables, barns, and pigsties on fire with my own hands.

That would have been a noble exploit, indeed ! said the *Landlord*---turning out of the room.

O! the vile, filthy wretch!--said
the *hostess*---P'll have no quack doc-
tors in my house.---

No---said *Fanny*, putting her lips
close to the ear of her mistress ---
for when I came into the room, to
lay the cloth for supper, the nasty
dog, who has served the good gen-
tleman in the manner he tells you,
had his ---- O! as plain as ever
you saw any thing in your life.---

Monstrous, said the *hostess*---fine
doings indeed! --- O! Sodom and
Gomerrah---that ever I should har-
bour such vile wretches---here, Nan-
ny! Betty! Molly! John! Thomas!
Ostler! Bootcatcher! Cook! Scul-
lion! come hither---all of you come
hither

hither ---- and listen to what I shall tell you.--- We have got in the house, by all the sacred powers ! two infamous, nasty, filthy -----

The shocking word caught like a flame carried with a whirlwind, and set the honest passions of the people in a dreadful blaze.

The kitchen company, and the neighbouring peasants, joining in the tumult, we began to tremble for the fate of the devoted *quacks* ; and, notwithstanding our own injuries, we assisted the *Landlord* to prevent their being immediately torn to pieces, through the misconception of poor *Fanny*, and her enraged and mistaken mistress.

But

But there was no stopping the fury of the people—down went the glasses and phials of the *chymist* plump upon the floor.—His wig, which was lying in one corner of the room, all dishevelled, and in a frightful condition, was immediately sacrificed to the rage of the women—while the men, one and all, except the *Landlord*, vanished in a moment in search of the *philosophers*—whom they brought, pale and trembling, out of an inner apartment-----loading the hapless wretches with the most opprobrious terms, and leading them towards the horsepond in order to punish, with a vengeance, two innocent people, under the mistaken conviction of their being capable of attempting to commit a horrid and an unnatural crime.

By

By the most violent exertion of our strength and our oratory, in which *Pbilario*, entirely forgetting his rage and resentment, acted like an *Hercules* and a *Cicero*; we made a shift, with much ado, to save the culprits.

---We got their horses out of the stable, and their bags out of their room; which the *Landlord* placed upon their saddles---for not a creature could we prevail upon to attend them, except to the horsepond or the gallows, notwithstanding our most pathetic asseverations that the *philosophers* were innocent; and what *Fanny* saw happened by a meer accident.

No---they would not listen to us---to such a noble phrensy of abhorrence doth Nature, undebauched, revolt at the monstrous idea.---And, to the

honour

Honour of human nature, let me add, that these philosophic adventurers chiefly owed their escape from death, or something worse, to their piteous lamentations----their piercing cries--- their helpless, abandoned, and most disastrous situation.

This, like a gleam of grace, touched upon the tender emotions of the women, worked itself into the breasts of the men, and prevailed upon the whole company to let them retire as they were, two of the most shocking spectacles that ever terrified a benighted traveller.

It was about ten 'clock in the evening, when the moon shone bright, and the *philosophers* were mounted upon

upon their steeds.---They set off, under the influence of that goddess, in search of a more hospitable reception at a town about five miles distance.---They thanked us for their lives, and begged we would not let the company follow them.---The *experimental philosopher* had lost nothing in the fray, except his wits---and the *chymist*, only his phials and his periwig.---But we supplied his distracted pate with an old grizzle of the *Landlord's*---desiring him to remember the *chymical doctor's* NOSTRUM---and wishing, at the same time, it might work an everlasting cure upon himself and his companion.

After we had seen them fairly out of the reach of the incensed multitude, for it would have been imprudent

dent to suffer them to stay all night ;
 we retreated to our apartment--and
 immediately convinced our *Hostess*,
 and the affrighted *Fanny*, that all they
 had made such a fuss about, was a
 mistake---but that the chastisement
 the *Quacks* had received, they richly
 merited for their folly and imper-
 tinence.

C H A P. LXIII.

LORD! you surprize me, gentlemen, said our *Hoftefs*, lifting up her hands---I really thought they had been guilty---indeed I did.---

You thought! said the *Landlord*---
The devil's in the women, if they get any thing of this sort by the end, there's no stopping their mouths.---

Look ye, *Thomas Geflin*, said our *Hoftefs*, with a steady and determined aspect, I'd have you to know that my mouth is as soon and as often stopped, upon these occasions, as any one's

[80]

one's---but not by such a poor, sniveling, driveling, dry-livered, unfledged-cub as thou art!--

O! your servant---said *Thomas Goslin*---making a very judicious and matterly retreat into the kitchen.

An unfledged cub indeed! and well might our *Hostess* say so---for she was as jolly and buxom a dame as ever you saw in the bar of a tavern---and he, poor soul! was as beardless and meagre a husband as ever truckled to the domineering contempt of a wife, who, from her own experience and particular knowledge of the matter, was convinced that he deserved it.

I am afraid, said the lady to *Philaria*, courtesying to the ground---for
she

He seemed to eye him with no unfavourable aspect---that you will entertain a bad opinion of my house, from the accident which has happened.---

But believe me, dear sir, that if I had imagined in the least, that these people could behave so --- for we knew nothing of their being *quack doctors*----No! indeed! we did not--- exclaimed *Fanny*.----I assure you, continued the *hostess*, smiling, that they should not have been suffered to enter your apartment.

I believe you, madam, said *Philario*. It is impossible you can be acquainted with the dispositions and occupations of your numerous guests,--and *we*, for ought you know to the contrary, may be as unworthy of your

great condescension and complaisance, as the miserable reptiles who have been banished from your agreeable and captivating presence.---

O! dear me----said the *hostess*--- advancing nearer and nearer to *Pbi-lario* as she said it---you are---to be sure you are---But really, sir, you are a noble gentleman.----I wonder how you could so soon forgive the filthy monster that offered you his own *liquor* to drink, and strive so greatly to save him from destruction.---Lord!---sir, it did my heart good to see your activity and strength, when you pushed away the croud, who were endeavouring to throw the *quacks* into the horsepond.----Bless me! how active you were! how full of fire and spirit!

what

what a manly front did you discover!

---Lord! had your favourite mistress seen you in the action, she would have died with rapture upon the spot.

---For my part--O dear me!--whatever will come of it, I don't know---but I shall think of your godlike exploits to the end of my days.

So---said I to myself---here's a conquest, with a witness to it---and I looked at *Philario* significantly.---

Philario smiled at my looks.---He seemed a little embarrassed---but suddenly recollecting himself, he desired of the lady to know what she apprehended would be the consequence of the fray, for she seemed to intimate something of the kind.

Why, fir, faid the lady, you know that the *quack doctors* were handled very rudely under the fuppoſition of their being guilty---when it has proved that they were innocent.---Now, fir, may not ſuch an affair as this, not only injure the reputation of my houſe, but can't the *doctors* commence an action againſt us all for an affault and Battery ?

O! the devil---ſaid I to myſelf---*Mammon* and not *Cupid* is the God that inſpires this lady with ſo much civility---her intereſt and not her love operates upon the preſent occaſion.--

Philario eyed me, and underſtood me, as well as the nature of the caſe.

Why,

Why, ma'am, said *Philario*, they were handled very roughly no doubt, and had it not been for the insult and injury offered to me, which this gentleman can witness to, by the *chymical doctor's* attempting to make me drink a tumbler of his own urine, under false pretences, which his pride and conceit made him acknowledge afterwards, I don't know but some disagreeable effects might arise from your mistaking the matter, and raising a mob about their ears.---But be assured, ma'am, continued *Philario*, so soon as you hear any thing hostile from these itinerants, which I am perfectly satisfied will never be the case, that I will have them taken up as vile impostors ; who, under a specious pretence

pretence of curing all distempers to which mankind is liable, spread disease and desolation among a credulous and ignorant people.

Well---said the lady---my heart is now at ease ---- you observe what the gentleman says, *Fanny*.---Gentlemen, your most obedient----any thing my house affords---I hope you will be free---

For our money, no doubt, said *Philario*, as she shut the door after her---but not one jot farther.---Why, what cunning and artifice there is in this sort of people---who know the world and its ways, from experience, much better than any *experimental philosopher* in the kingdom---Why,
the

the plague take her, said *Philario*---
 I thought she was going to fall desperately in love with me, and it was her fear for the reputation of her house that made her so tender and complacent!--O! she is a fly baggage---and I cannot help respecting her, because she was within an ace of making a dupe of me.

See the fate of the *experimental philosopher*!--Eye him as he rides with the *chymist* along the road---driven from his place of rest, and disappointed in all his hopes! then think of this experienced woman!--Blush philosophers!--Throw away your books---and travel with your brother in the fuds, to learn that

which, by your studies, you never
can acquire!

--- But, come---let us resume our
pipes, said *Philario*, for I am fa-
tigated.

With all my heart---said I.---

C H A P. LXIV.

WHAT ignorant wretches, said I, after we had lighted our pipes, and drank a glass or two, tho' possessed of much low cunning, must have been the Innkeepers not many years ago, if our best Novel Writers have drawn their pictures from nature, and not given you a coarse, and almost unintelligible dialect, meerly for the purpose of raising an idle laugh at their expence.--Why, at present, I don't know any persons in common life more polite and well-bred---and who talk in more *intelligible* language.

The times are altered, said *Philario*.

I see

I see no material difference, said I, between the dialect of an hostess of an inn, and a lady's chambermaid, or even the lady herself. ---Nor do the *landlords* speak worse than the *'squires* they rent under--and as to the *'squires*, we know that amongst the generality of those gentlemen, all rusticity is polished away, even to the very quintessence of urbanity.

It is partly as you intimate, said *Philario*, I must confess.---It would be absurd now-a-days to mimick any particular dialect---all degrees of people are so equally improved,---Nay, the dialects of a *Zomerzetshire* Clown, and a North Country Bobby are grown so insipid by long use, that, like the Irish brogue, they can raise but a very feeble

feeble laugh at best.---Besides, I ever looked upon this method, which our authors have adopted, of giving pages after pages of rude and unlettered dialogues between vulgar people, as the very dregs of wit.

A touch of it now and then is well enough, said I.---

Lord bless me! said our *Hostess*, bouncing into the room---for I perceived she would be very free with us;---here is another strange character in the house that I forgot to tell you of.---He looks like a Parson, and a man of some consequence---for he is so exceedingly civil---and that I am sure is seldom the case with common people---but he has been very inquisitive to know what company we had

in

in the kitchen---and on my telling him that they were nothing but the neighbouring farmers, he said he should be glad to be introduced to them, and spend the remaining part of the evening in their company.

Egad! said *Philario*, I like his taste. ---The yeomanry of the country is the stability and support of the land.--- I respect a farmer, as I love his occupation, and reverence the blessings which he prepares for our use.--- Come, said *Philario*, let us join this honourable society ----- you have no objection, madam, I hope.

No---said the lady---clapping her hands---I wanted to ask you to partake of the fun---for the parson is just gone

gone in, and is beginning to preach, I believe.

What! does he mistake your kitchen for a chapel, and the farmers for his congregation? cried *Philario*.

A *Fanatic*, by this light, said I.

Why there's the thing, said the lady, that makes me laugh---though he may be a gentleman for all that---for I assure you Fenaticism gains ground prodigiously among the better sort of people in this country.

You are right, ma'am, said *Philario*, to make the best of your guests you can---and therefore I think it a comfort that you will give us a good word when we have left you---if not
for

for *our* sakes---yet, positively, for *your* own---my dear lady.

I perceived, by this observation, that *Philario*, would needs let the lady know that he understood the world and its ways as well as she did.--

But to avoid any altercation about this important point, which I observed the lady preparing for, though she seemed to be rather out of her depth; I took her by the hand---desiring, at the same time, that she would introduce us to the farmers and the country people---and give directions for a fresh bowl and pipes to be sent after us.

We found the company to consist of the substantial farmers in the neighbourhood ;

bourhood; who drank wine and punch in great plenty---and who chose to sit in the kitchen, because it suited their taste, much better than to be boxed up, as they termed it, in a parlour.

These ruddy - faced votaries of health, pleasure, and industry, received us very cordially---and as they understood the nature of our visit, they were reconciled to it at once---and laughed with us at the oddity of the parson, who, with much gravity in his looks, was beginning to address his leering and attentive audience.

But we could not distinguish, at present, whether we were to have a sermon, or an oration, or what, in the
name

name of wonder, the speaker was driving at; so mystical, so insinuating; so sly, and so cautious, was the manner, in which he introduced the subject of his discourse.

CHAP. LXV.

LET it be known to future ages, that the æra * in which the third and fourth volumes of the *Trifler* were written, a rebellion had arisen in the colonies of Great-Britain; excited by a disappointed and malignant faction within the very bowels of my country; and that *partisans* were extremely busy in their endeavours to poison the loyalty of a free and happy people.

Let it likewise be known, that it was impossible for the *Trifler* to travel, either for his pleasure or profit,

* 1776.

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in such an interesting season, without being much involved in politics : and although it is a subject he would wish to avoid as much as possible, in the prosecution of his work ; yet as many of the adventures which he met with in his ramble, were political, he hopes the reader will think it but reasonable, that such adventures should no more be excluded than any others which chance might throw in his way.

Let it likewise be known to the latest posterity, that the *Trifler* was a king's man, and a friend to government ; and that he openly avowed his sentiments, without caring a farthing who knew them, or what consequences might be derived to himself

self, from a conduct so perilous, so wonderful, and so magnanimous !

This being premised, in order to settle matters upon a fair footing ; we will return to our *Fanatic* ; whom the reader will find to be, in the end, an avowed espouser of the cause of rebels---a famous itinerant preacher, employed for the hellish project of disturbing the peace of his country.

The figure which now stood before the farmers, in the attitude of an orator, was that of a canting, fawning hypocritical impostor : and a man of the least penetration, or the most trifling knowledge of human nature, could not mistake his character.--Indeed, the marks of a sly insinuating betrayer were so evident in

the plausibility of his speech, in his affected piety, in his pretended concern for mankind, and especially in his shocking countenance, that you would instantaneously have taken him for a perfect representation of *Judas Iscariot*.

The farmers saw through his dark veil of imposition at once, and suffered the serpent to proceed, only for the sake of the novelty of the matter, and their own entertainment.

Our orator prefaced his discourse with an assurance to the farmers, that he was a great favourite of the people, for whose service he laboured day and night: but that the rulers of the land were so extremely absurd and unreasonable, as not to

pay the least regard to him, and another fellow or two of his acquaintance, who had proved beyond a doubt, that the people ought to do whatever they thought proper; and that the king, his ministers, and his parliament, were only a parcel of insignificant blockheads, hired for the purpose of transacting the affairs of the multitude; and who ought to be turned out of their offices, and put into them again, just as it should please the caprice of the people; and without any farther ceremony, than as though they were a parcel of journeymen *button-makers*.

He then talked a great deal about CIVIL LIBERTY.--He swore---no, he did not swear---for he was too mild,

too good, and too pious to utter an oath---but he declared that if the kings and princes of the world would be ruled by him, he would unite all Europe under one free government, and banish war and bloodshed from the face of the earth.---That is, he would send Delegates from every separate state, to meet, as we supposed, in a general Congress, and to form a senate, which should have the *sole* power to settle all grievances as soon as they were hatched.

Thus, in order to make Europe free, this miserable projector would set up a parcel of tyrants, to lord it over the world at their pleasure !

This is the highest fellow I ever saw in my life, said a jolly intelligent-looking

looking farmer, that fat next me---
 why, he has settled the affairs of the
 whole world in five minutes!--

Ay--ay--said *Philario*, if these
 fellows could alter human nature,
 and mould it conformably to their
 plans, then we might listen to them
 to some purpose.--But, unfortunately,
 they consider *Men* in a community,
 as they do *wheels* in an engine---fix
 them in such and such a way, and they
 will operate accordingly.--No allow-
 ance is made for the human passions,
 from whence spring all the disorders
 and commotions in the world.--But,
 indeed, the human passions are cir-
 cumstances never brought into the
 scale, nor, in the least, understood,
 by such miserable projectors as the
 object before us.

After having defined the nature of *civil liberty*, our orator proved, according to his *own* conclusions, and in plain terms, that England enjoyed but the shadow of liberty---nay, that it was in a state of absolute slavery.

What does this fellow (whispered *Philario*) talk of civil liberty for, as in any manner applicable to this country, or her colonies; when he pretends to prove, from the very nature of our constitution, that we are slaves?-----

Contemptible, said I-- but hush! let us hear him out.

The farmers smiled at each other--- as much as to say the rascal is a liar, and we are free.--

Imme-

Immediately upon our orator's asserting that we were in a state of slavery, he talked like a stammerer upon the blessings of liberty.---He grew bewildered, diffusive, and absurd --- but closed this part of his speech with pointed allusions to *Charles the First*, and *James the Second*.---The sting of the viper brandished itself upon this occasion, and only seemed apprehensive it could not reach the bosom of his prince.

He next talked of one country governing another by its own agents-- in which case the country governed, having no voice, must be in a state of slavery.---He hinted at the states that were under the absolute dominion of the Romans, and lamented
 their

their wretched situation; while the governing state was perfectly free. But how this could, in any wise, be applicable to Great-Britain, which he had before asserted was in a state of slavery, and consequently, all countries under the same government, must partake of its grievances as compelling by the very nature of the constitution, we had yet to learn.—He took care, however, to assert, that no state could be bound by any compacts with another, however sacred they might be; but that liberty was such a blessing, it must be purchased at the price even of perjury and ingratitude.——He seemed to enforce this argument, not for the sake of his own country, which he had traduced; but for a foreign community, which he wished

wished might shake off the shackles of dependency, and rise superior to the sun.---He did not forget to exult in the fate of the Romans after they had conquered the world; nor could you help perceiving, by the plainest inference imaginable, that it was his most ardent wish, that Great-Britain might be involved in the same calamity.

How wonderfully wise, said *Pbilario*, are these fellows; who pretend to give particular causes for the rise and fall of empires, when the very vulgar are well assured, that such revolutions are owing entirely to the natural vicissitudes of all human concerns.

Our orator introduced the second part of his observations with an application

plication of all his former futile reasonings upon *civil liberty*.---Reasonings which were calculated for beings of a far different nature to men, prone with passions so strong and multifarious, as to require the curb of authority to restrain any number of them within the bounds of moderation.--- He applied his preceding observations to the colonies of Great-Britain, and very justly remarked that he expected his audience had already drawn the same inference.---In this case, just as we expected, he past many encomiums upon the colonies, and observed that they were likely soon to become superior to the parent state.-----

Then, damn them, said the jolly farmer who sat by me, let us prevent

vent that, as long as we can, how-
ever! ---

Hush! said his neighbour, let us
see where the devil will drive him.---

In the next division of his argu-
ment, he attempted to draw the com-
pany from that natural love, which
all good and virtuous men have ever
borne their own country, in pre-
ference to any other.---He traduced
his country in a most shocking
manner, as the seat only of wicked-
ness and corruption.---He let off some
squibs at the church, for manifest
reasons, which were perfectly under-
stood---and declared that the Ame-
ricans were more virtuous than us,
and had done us more services (not-
withstanding their very name and ex-

istence sprang from us) than they had received at our hands---nay, that they had converted a wilderness into fruitful and pleasant fields without our assistance.---He asserted that in fifty or sixty years longer they would be double our number, and form a mighty empire, consisting of a variety of states, all equal or superior to ourselves, in all the arts and accomplishments which give dignity and happiness to human life.---Can this vast continent, says he, with the most insolent exultation, hold all that is dear to it, at the discretion of a handful of people on the other side of the *Atlantic* !

Pray, sir, whom do you mean by this handful of people ? said one of
the

the farmers. (He means England, said another.---England! exclaimed a third---What is Old England come to, that she is so poor in the estimation of this fellow? ---d---n my blood!--- I don't understand such treatment!--- Have not we coped with all the powers in Europe, ere now?---ay, and beaten them into the bargain.

Yes, gentlemen, continued the *Fanatic*, so we have---but we are altering apace---corruption is debasing us---we are no better than abject slaves---and must soon fall a prey to the most unheard of tyranny!---

He then made a great fuss about the unreasonableness of our taxing the colonies--arguments, that have
been

been detailed out over and over again, until they are grown utterly insipid.

Damn them, said the farmer, if they are growing so great as you say, and we are getting so little, what signifies talking about the unreasonableness of taxing them?--- We must keep them under as long as we can---self-preservation demands it of us, or they will soon swallow us up.

O! no---said the *Fanatic*--- let them grow as great as they will, they are so good and virtuous, that they will foster us in their bosoms, and protect us.

Foster us! protect us! exclaimed the farmer---d---n their protection!

we

we don't want it!---and never shall, I hope---If we do, it will go plaguily hard with us.--But, pray, Mr. *Devil*, said the farmer drily, if you are so fond of them---why don't you go and live there yourself?---

Hush! said the jolly farmer, who sat by me, we shall have him on the hip presently---let him go on.

---A handful of people! --- Atlantic!---slaves!---damme! said the farmer, muttering to himself.---

I began to think of the horsepond, as the *incendiary* proceeded---for a cloud seemed to gather upon the brows of the whole company.

I'll be hanged, said *Philario*, if I interpose again---or would save this

fower of sedition from the gallows.---
 Is it not astonishing, continued *Phi-*
lario, that a paltry fellow, like this,
 should have the insolence to revile at
 his pleasure, the government which
 protects him; and, at the same time,
 pretend to direct the state in what
 manner it ought to have acted re-
 specting the revolt of America!---
 Observe him --- from premises as
 childish as he is detestable, he is
 drawing conclusions as absurd as he
 is wicked---and then fancies to him-
 self, that every person must be con-
 vinced by his arguments.---I love to
 see a fellow, in his writings, begin
 a paragraph with --- "This being
 proved beyond the possibility of a
 doubt, we will now proceed---and
 so on"---when he has proved no-
 thing,

thing, but that he is a *fool*---or, what is worse, perhaps a *designing knave*.

Our *Fanatic* laboured to decry the policy of our war with America.--- He treated the government as composed of the most blundering and contemptible scoundrels upon the face of the earth---and indeed in this abominable practice of the most unheard of abuse, though he has no rivals, he has innumerable abettors.

The main point, which he endeavoured to prove, was, that we should have discovered a *fear* of the Americans, in order to keep them in *awe* of us.---To this very extraordinary point he added a strange medley of

canting morality, which would serve well enough to fall asleep over in his conventicle, but for the entertainment of a parcel of stanch politicians, men that loved their prince and their country, it was intolerable---and much I apprehended it would draw him into a most abominable scrape with the farmers.

In every thing which our orator advanced, the dimmest eye might discover a settled rancour in his heart, against the government---a preposterous predilection for the Americans, and a secret wish that that country might be suffered, by immunities, to increase in the rapid manner he had foretold, and that by these means, it might soon hold the
rod

rod to us.----An unnatural spirit of revenge and rancour appeared through the thick gloom that overspread his countenance, and preyed upon his vitals.---A rancour which belongs to his whole tribe, in consequence of their having lost the superintendency of our affairs at home, and for which loss most of them act as if they would sacrifice their King, their country, their friends, their wives, and children ; and bury old England in one general and inevitable ruin.

And it is to this loss then, said *Philario*, that we are indebted for the present war.---But how they start at the idea, whenever it is thrown in their teeth !

That is the greatest token of the truth of the charge, said I----Severe truths will always sting, and make the "galled jade wince," you know—and well may they start at such a monstrous idea---when nature must shudder at it.---But what will not disappointment, revenge, and malice attempt!---I pity the poor devils from the bottom of my soul---said I.

The *Fanatic* concluded the foregoing part of his speech with a wicked attempt to lessen the credit of the kingdom, as a commercial state---and left no stone unturned to make us believe we were on the brink of inevitable ruin---and the most contemptible, abandoned, devoted, undone,

done, sorry rogues upon the face of
the earth.

I have always looked upon commerce, said the jolly farmer that sat next me (for we began to pay but little attention to our orator, who was got into an inextricable labyrinth of calculations) to be as a large and mighty river.---This kingdom I have ever been taught to view as the source of that river---and though in its course it may meet with many interruptions, and cannot always break down the mounds which are raised, in a direct line, to oppose it; yet it must find a passage some way or other, so as to reach its parent the sea in all the triumph of victory.

What then does this fellow so much lament the interruption of our trade with America for, when it is evident that so long as we can rival the world in our commodities for traffick, the stream, if it be stopped in one place, will find another, and come to the same thing in the end?

This fellow, said I, wants the Americans to be encouraged by us, to be fostered by us, to be raised by us, to be defended by us, *to pay nothing to us*, until they get at the summit of commerce themselves, rival us in all the branches of trade; and, at last, annihilate us, or make us a tributary, solitary island at their disposal.

But

But would it not be extremely bad policy in our government, as a commercial state, not to prevent this as long as possible ? cried the farmer.

Certainly, said I.

Then what makes the fellow talk so much like a fool---a madman---nay, a betrayer of his country ? said the farmer.---

Because the heads of his party were turned out of the ministry, said I, and have lost their influence in the state.

---The *Fanatic*, not content to throw every vile farcasm upon this country, which the imagination of a rancorous enemy could suggest, prov-

ed

ed himself, in very plain language, to be a sour *Republican*, and a contemptible *Fanatic*--one of those vindictive monsters that hate the name of kings and peers---and always bring in the sacred name of God, for an engine to their accursed purposes of *levelling* all distinctions with the dust.---

The Lord will fight for the Americans, said our *Fanatic*.

In short, he grew so very intemperate in his zeal for the Americans, and so very palpable in his wresting every political argument to their favour and to our disadvantage, that every Englishman must take fire at such an insolent and dogmatical traitor to his country.---But towards the

close

close of his harangue he became intolerable--for what *Briton* could hear a fellow sink his country into the very jaws of ruin and despair, and hold up her disobedient colonies as already crowned with laurels and victory, and, with a pretended piety, wishing that the Americans might not deal hardly with us, but forgive us our trespasses.

Why, such a dog as this, said *Philario*, angrily, who can so readily give up his country to destruction, ought to be hanged.---A fellow that can do every thing in his power to shew us our weakness, in pernicious colouring, means only to make cowards of us, and must certainly do it for some accursed end.

But

But did you observe, said I, the wishes of the *Fanatic*, that every friend of liberty might find, in America, a safe retreat from *spiritual*, as well as civil, tyranny?

Ay, "there's the rub," said *Philario*---were we all *Fanatics*---were there no churches, no king, no lords, nor any gentlemen, in the land, all would be well at once---and this would be the most flourishing country in the world; and the Americans the vilest set of thieves that ever existed---rascals who ought to be crushed into myriads of atoms---that is to say, if they were *churchmen*.

The farmers began to be very sick of the orator.--They were, every

now

now and then, ready to rise and seize him by the throat for his intolerable impudence; but, with much ado, they waited his concluding observation.----And, as in most businesses, where the main point is a sinister one, and must be concealed, the devil, as the saying is, peeps out at last; so in the affair before us, it happened accordingly ---- but not much to the comfort and repose of the orator---as will be seen immediately.

It is well known that disaffected persons in a state, are ever wishing and striving to bring on a revolution; and will make use of every species of sophistry to persuade the unwary into their measures. But no sooner did
our

our *Fanatic* speak, in plain terms, his wishes for, and expectations of, a revolution in the affairs of this kingdom, than the whole company saw at once through the drift of the *Republican*; and rose, as one man, to defend their beloved king from the stroke which was aimed at his generous breast.

Philario caught immediate fire at the wicked insinuation; and got up with such uncommon dignity of countenance, and expressive ardour of attitude, as to command, from men in the highest perturbation of spirits, an immediate and profound silence; while he uttered, in a voice and manner which shook the *Fanatic* to his very centre, the following words.

Friends

“ Friends and fellow countrymen, exclaimed *Philario*, you perceive the drift of that viper, who, under the plausible pretext of siding with the Americans as an injured people, means nothing more, than to raise upon that continent, a bulwark against this country, by which the faction, to which he is a tool, may be enabled to subvert the government.

“ His eye, throughout this long harangue, has been continually darting malignant flashes of the most corroding rancour in the very face of monarchy — He has a dagger in his heart, which he would plunge into the breast of his Prince — and though he has talked so pathetically of the horrors of bloodshed, yet nothing

thing has been predominant in his guilty mind, but gibbets, racks, and tortures, levelled at the faithful servants of his King.

“He is a *Fanatic*, who by the peculiar indulgence of this government, is suffered to dissent from the forms of the established worship; and, in consequence of that indulgence, he is become an inveterate foe to his country; which, in his diabolical reveries, he hopes to see a scene of anarchy and confusion.

“He has dissented from the established religion, until he is of no religion at all--and, in consequence of that defection, he is an enemy to every species of subordination, both with respect to the state as well as
the

the church; and most ardently wishes to level every distinction with the dust; in order to rise, like a fiend of darkness, upon the fall and destruction of the realm.

“ He is a monster, that, for the repose of our country, ought to be extirpated from the human race.---He should be trod upon as a noxious reptile, which, with your foot, you scrape into atoms as it crawls before you, making your blood run cold, your flesh creep, and your nerves writhe your miserable frame into the most irksome and shuddering sensations.

“ The restless *sect* to which he belongs, will never be quiet until, like

the *Jesuits*, they are expelled from every community, as the common disturbers of mankind."

Philario had scarcely uttered the last word of this passionate speech, before the farmers foused the woe-stricken *Fanatic* plump into the horsepond---to which place they led him with the utmost precipitation. And notwithstanding we were all extremely enraged at the wickedness of the wretch, and *Philario* had spoken so furiously upon his crimes ; yet the sight of the poor devil, sprawling in the water like a wounded rat, beset by numerous enemies, disarmed us of our resentment, obliged us to commiserate his hapless state, and to order the servants to get him out, and take

take such care of him as they might think proper.

Philario, and the farmers, returned immediately into the house ---- not thinking it worth their while to attend any farther upon the matter ---- but I continued with the servants, to see that they waited upon the *Fanatic* to his apartment, and to desire they would put him immediately to bed,

In his passage by me to his room, seeing me look at him with some concern, he cried, is this treatment for a man who labours so much for the benefit of his country? ---- How monstrous! how cruel is this! ---- but you are inexorable! incorrigible! abandoned! ----

Stop, said I---no more abuse---be-
 hold the horsepond---your fate is in
 my power.----But, go---said I---and
 learn, by this example, to bear with
 patience a correction which will cool
 your courage, and do you a great
 deal of good.---And, do you hear!---
 tell the leaders of your turbulent fac-
 tion, that while they charge the go-
 vernment so roundly, and so inde-
 cently, with aiming at absolute do-
 minion, they must expect, from the
 nature of the case, and the very pur-
 port of their arguments, to be accused
 of principles as incompatible with the
 constitution as tyranny.----Tell them
 that the people in general, see through
 their machinations, and look upon
 them as *republicans*, who wish to
 throw

throw the kingdom into convulsions, subvert the constitution, and reduce it to a commonwealth.---Tell your own miserable coadjutors, those scribbling tools of faction, those buzzing, filthy insects, that flyblow every manœuvre of administration, that if they will continue to traduce the state, they must not be *angry* at this RETORT, nor at receiving a farther chastisement in return.

C H A P. LXVI.

AS soon as the servants had waited upon the *Fanatic* to his chamber, I left the disappointed incendiary to the mercy of his own meditations, and joined the farmers in the kitchen; who were telling fifty stories of fellows of the same kind with the *Fanatic*, that within their knowledge, and the bounds of their different parishes, had been endeavouring to make the inhabitants believe, that the king, his ministers, and the parliament;—men who possessed the greatest property in the land, were combined together to ruin the nation—
—which had given great uneasiness

to a vast number of *Patriots*, who, not being worth a groat in the world, were resolved to stop the current of destruction, provided, nevertheless, they could get nothing by the catastrophe.

The farmers assured me they had given many an impudent coxcomb a ducking before this evening---and that they were so well convinced the present cause against the government, was a contemptible one, produced by a malignant faction of miserable *Fanatics*, that they would seldom listen to the subject, or suffer any man to open his lips upon the matter---except only for diversion.--- They declared that they loved their prince, as much as they did their country ;

country; and would never admit of either the one or the other to be reviled in their presence with impunity ---but that they would stand by their sovereign to the last drop of their blood.

The idea of the wrongs of an injured monarch, creates a most pleasing elevation of soul.---The conception has something of enchantment in it.---It lifts the man into an *Hercules*, defending his prince from the base attempts of regicides.---And I must own that I never joined in the chorus of "God save the King," with half so much delight and vigour of heart, as with the farmers, who suddenly struck off with that noble song, in all the lively and
pleasing

pleasing harmony which the occasion
inspired.

As soon as this intoxicating song
was over, it being near twelve
o'clock, *Philario* begged leave to re-
tire ; for that the exercise of the day,
and the pleasures of the night, had
fatigued him.---I began to think of
the prudence of going to bed myself,
and rose to follow *Philario*---but the
jolly farmer, before-mentioned, insist-
ed on my having *nine corns* more
with him before we parted---so we
lighted fresh pipes with as good an
appetite as if we had not had one
the whole day.---So much pleasure
is there in the company we like---
which, as the possession of beauty,
can never cloy.

The

The farmers grew exceedingly merry---a song and a toast was the theme---and both were pursued with great vivacity.

The extreme cordiality which wine inspires, among a set of honest fellows, gives me a good opinion of human nature. I delight in it extremely, be it ever so extravagant or absurd---and always curse the wisdom of such fellows, who cannot bear any amusement that will not stand the test of decorum.---Men who affect to sneer at the diversions of a merry evening, as too ridiculous for the sublimity of their intellects, I consider as the greatest blockheads upon earth.

Men

Men who are always philosophers, are generally fools, said I—knocking the ashes out of my pipe, in order to prepare for bed, it being then half past twelve o'clock:---and the farmers, seeing me determined to leave them, ordered their horses out immediately.---They shook my hand almost out of joint, as they mounted in the yard; and rode off to their different habitations with the greatest joy and sincerity of heart---saying, it was rather late to be sure, but it was Whitsuntide, it was holiday time, and their good wives would forgive them.

In passing with *Fanny* across the yard, with intent to go to bed, I observed a light in the parlour where

we

we had supped---and on asking the girl what was the meaning of it, she told me that the gentleman (meaning *Philario*) and her mistress, were in deep conversation about philosophy---and that her mistress was a very wise woman and knew every thing.

This was like beating the alarm to the curiosity of a maiden, on the first day of her entering into the holy bands of matrimony.--I must confess I did not wish to interrupt a gentleman in the thread of his argument---but I had a mighty mind to go in and see what these philosophers were about.

Why ma'am, said *Philario*, as I entered the room, *Locke*, in his definition

tion of the *association of ideas*, says
 ---no---I have forgot, madam, what
 he says upon the matter, but, if you
 please, I will explain the thing my
 own way.

Do so, said the lady, we shall like
 it the better for that---looking at me
 and *Fanny*.

Thus, through the *association of
 ideas*, I was admitted a party, instan-
 taneously, without the necessity of
 making an apology for breaking in
 upon this extraordinary *tête à tête*.

Fanny placed her candle upon the
 side table, and fixed her back against
 the wall---while I leaned with my el-
 bows upon the back of a chair.

For instance, madam, said *Phila-
 rio*, what did you think of it when
 that

that gentleman and *Fanny* entered the room?

That they had entered the room, said the lady.

Were there no concomitant ideas rushed into your mind, at the same time? said *Philario*.

Yes, sir, said the lady---I immediately conceived that the gentleman was going to bed---that *Fanny* was lighting him to his room---but that, hearing us engaged in dispute, he came in to learn what was the subject of our discourse.

Very well, ma'am, said *Philario*, and all these ideas rushed into your mind at the same time?

They did, said the lady.

Now

Now this, said *Philario*, is what we call the *association of ideas*.---But, if you please, I will explain it farther ---and bring to your memory a circumstance, that will prove to you, beyond the possibility of a demur, how extremely extensive is the power which enables us to form, at once, the *association of our ideas*.

Do, said the lady, for I like the subject vastly.

Pray, said *Philario*, what did you think of when you went to be married? what were the ideas which rushed into your mind, altogether, upon that occasion?

O heavens! cried the lady, they were so numerous, it is impossible
now,

now, as it was then, to distinguish half of them.---But this I remember perfectly---that the main idea, which was predominant in my breast at that time, is to this day uppermost.

For what reason, my dear lady ?
said *Philario*.

Because, said the lady, it was then, as it is now, nothing in this world but an idea.

I don't understand you, madam,
said *Philario*.

I am sorry for that, with all my heart, said I---though I knew no more than the moon what she meant. ---But finding the lady and *Philario* were getting upon knotty points, I very civilly wished them both a good night.---

You'll

You'll not lie long in the morning, *Philario*, said I---remember we are to proceed on our expedition.

Light the gentleman to bed, *Fanny*, said the lady, and I'll take care of *Philario*.

As *Fanny* was tripping up the stairs before me, discovering as pretty a pair of legs, as ever nymph possessed, I could not help feeling the effects of the *association of ideas*, in a most bewitching and extensive manner.---And pray, messieurs pedants, preachers, and philologists, said I---you who understand the nature of the case so well, can there be a better instance produced, than *Fanny's* legs, to elucidate *Locke's* definition?---I expect your thanks, said I, for the

clear light, in which I make manifest to the meanest capacity, this most important discovery of the first of logicians and philosophers.

While *Fanny* placed the candle upon the table, and was altering the pins upon the bottom of her stays, and, every now and then, casting an approving glance at her pretty face in the glass; I was meditating upon her legs, in order to turn them to some account, in favour of the whole fraternity of the logicians.--The effect of which was the production of the above remarks.

And now my dear *Fanny*, said I, as she was turning down the coverlet of the bed, and placing my cap and pillow in proper order, what think you

you of the dispute between your mistress and *Philario*? ---

---From the adventures of the night, in which *Fanny* had been so much concerned, it must be supposed that by this time we were on the score of a friendly intimacy.---I have observed before, that sudden strokes of fortune, will make people more closely connected, in a moment, than a year of frequent intercourse, will do for the sage and chaste visitants among the sexes---and though *Fanny* was but a chambermaid, and every booby will imagine that any body might be intimate with her; yet the confidence and esteem of a chambermaid, such as *Fanny* was, is as difficult to be obtained as the respect of

a lady--and worth as much too, said I--for nature is the same in both cases.

---But this, ladies, is logick, and you must not be offended at it.

Lord! sir, said *Fanny*, I never knew such a thing in my life as the *sociation* of ideas.---Why, if my mistress had talked to me about it for a fortnight, I should never have understood her ---though she be a very great philosopher, and a very learned woman---and yet I think I know something of the matter, from what the gentleman said; though not enough to satisfy my curiosity.

I was seated upon a chair, in a nook, at the top of the bed, taking off

off my garters---and *Fanny*, having put the bed in order, was standing at the bottom of it, with the forefingers of her right hand upon her forehead, in a very inquisitive position.

Fanny, said I, you seem to have a very great taste for the sciences.--- It certainly is a little extraordinary in a chambermaid, and one so young and handsome too.---Pray how did you acquire that taste?

My mistress taught it me---for she is a great reader---and when we sit in the bar together, in long winter evenings, she will talk so learnedly---never was the like before!

And do you always understand her?

Never, hardly, sir---but I like to hear her vastly, for all that.---

Why that's droll enough, *Fanny*--- and so you think you have caught a little of the *sociation* of ideas, as you call it?---

Yes, sir.---

And you would like to understand it perfectly?---

Of all things in the world, sir.

Then I certainly shall instruct you in a very little time.----So, I shut the chamber door---took *Fanny* by the hand, and led her round the room in search of a place to sit upon---but there not being two chairs together,

or

or convenient for the purpose, we were obliged to make a shift with the bed---and we seated ourselves upon the bottom of it.

Every body must know, that when a great point in philosophy is to be discussed, the difference of sex, the privacy of a room, the sitting upon a bed, the beauty of a *Fanny*, and the close engagement of a mistress, so happily employed as our *Hostess*, are circumstances no more to be regarded by the parties, than an eclipse of the sun, by a warm and expecting lover, when he leads his blushing nymph to the roseate bowers, which he had prepared for the consummation of his bliss.

I repeated to *Fanny*, as she sat very attentively by my side, every familiar instance, by which I could convey into her mind the nature of the subject, which she wished so ardently to be acquainted with.— But still she demurred—she hesitated—and could not rightly conceive the nature of the case.----She had her doubts—she was not convinced.---- Though *Philario's* stating of the question seemed to her to convey a gleam of elucidation, and her mistress's observation concerning the predominant idea, which had prevailed in her mind, ever since she was married, had raised her curiosity prodigiously—but yet she was not satisfied, she said.—

Now,

Now, what, in the name of grace and patience, could a poor devil of a preceptor do under these circumstances? particularly when he had a pupil so ignorant, and so dull of apprehension; and especially when it was so late, and past the meridian of philosophical investigation?

But *Fanny* waited with impatience to hear what I had farther to say upon the matter. She frequently sighed through the force of expectation.----She was restless in her deportment. Her passions seemed to be set upon the business. And her actions plainly discovered that she was resolved to be convinced before she left me; that she might be a
 match

match for her mistress, the next evening, in a controversy, which she meditated, upon the *association of ideas*.

She wanted, I perceived, to rival her mistress; and to prove to her, that she had met with as good a natural philosopher as *Philario* was.

It would have pleased a spectator, to observe the master and his fair scholar in an embarrassment, and a situation so interesting, and so big with some mighty event,---To have seen this delicious girl, with her face covered with the blushes of erudition, her bosom struggling with concomitant desires, and the frame of her mind and her body, so fairly displayed to receive a scientific impression, must certainly compose the
finest

finest philosophic scene imaginable, and afford the most exquisite delight and rapture to all lovers of true learning.

After having dived, as far as it was possible for me to do, towards the bottom of the subject which I had undertaken to explain to *Fanny*, and repeated my arguments over and over again till she was perfectly satisfied --- (for I was determined, since the girl was set upon it, to carry my point, and make her as great a logician as the mighty *Locke* himself) I fell fast asleep; and found, to my surprize, that *Fanny* had been overtaken likewise---for she did not leave me until four o'clock in the morning---when she awaked in a
fright

fright---slipped away from me with precipitation---and left me to creep into bed in the best manner I was able.

Thus, gentle reader, ended the first days ramble of *Philario* and the *Trifler*.---And should there be any thing, which you may think exceptional, in the adventures which have been described; I would advise you to be very careful, that you draw no wrong conclusions from doubtful appearances, nor make a bad use of the ASSOCIATION OF YOUR IDEAS.

CHAP. LXVII.

O LORD! said I, when I
 awaked in the morning---
 what have I been doing?---'tis cruel
 that such exquisite pleasures should
 be succeeded by feelings so horrible
 as these!

---My head ached---my senses
 were confused---my frame was heavy
 and enfeebled.---

Though I was not drunk last night,
 said I, yet the exercise of the day,
 together with the hurry and confu-
 sion of the night, and late sitting up,
 have done the business.---No reani-
 mation from sound sleep! --- It is
 strange,

strange, said I.---But come, let me rouse myself.

I, with difficulty, reached my watch.

Why, it is eight o'clock! and O! shocking, miserable, detestable thing! cried I, raising myself---what a charming figure art thou to be laid upon the soft downy bosom of a *Phillis* or a *Fanny*! --- monstrous! said I, intemperance is the devil!--- So I jumped out of bed in a passion ---and dressed myself as you would do, madam, a filthy, domineering, drunken husband, who forced you to assist him in all his wants and caprices---hating him all the while for his folly---scolding and twitting him for his imprudences---and mighty
glad

glad when you had got him fairly out of your hands.----So was I, madam, when I had washed, and cleaned, and dressed the miserable *Trifler*, and sent him out of his bedchamber in search of fresh adventures.

This is always the case with us, said *Philario*, as he entered the breakfasting room, with his hair all about his ears, his waistcoat unbuttoned, his stockings scarce half way up his legs, and his garters in his hands.

It seems to be a deplorable case, indeed! said I, if one may judge by your figure---pray, what is the matter?

Only drunk, drunk, drunk, master, as usual---that's all.---We ne-

ver can get over the first day, in any of our rambles, without being overtaken in this way---but hang it, said *Philario*, it does not signify.--When pleasures tempt---and such rational pleasures, too, hurry the mind into excesses, and the body cannot support them---why, it's a rascally body, and must recover itself at it's leisure.--

But, *Philario*, said I---we must be careful to-day.--This must be a day of reflection.--We shall then bring both our minds and our bodies into an equilibrium.

Philario groaned---looked rueful---and put on his garters---while I made the tea, and *Fanny* tittered at the disastrous figure of our hero.

What's

What's the matter with you, miss?
said *Pbilario*--you seem to be devilish
merry.

Nothing, sir--I beg your pardon,
said *Fanny*---drawing the muscles of
her pretty face into the affected gra-
vity of a lady, when she listens to the
wicked and whimsical innuendo's of
a bawdy comedy, or when a Double
Entendre, in a sprightly conversation,
presses upon the extreme delicacy of
her feelings.

Lord bless us ! exclaimed *Pbi-
lario*, there's a saint for you !--How
prim, how chaste, how demure she
looks !--and yet, I'll warrant you,
she is as wicked and as full of tricks
as any monkey.---

Fanny blushed up to the eyes--- looked into the tea-pot----made a pretence to take it out to fill it---but before she reached the door she was in a titter again; which *Philario* observing, he brought her back, and obliged her to stand the brunt of his miserable raillery.

Philario talked to *Fanny* of a thousand things, but said nothing ---while he endeavoured to place his hair and his clothes in proper order, without effect.---So dizzy were both our heads, and so much affected were our nerves; and our faculties of perception and recollection so totally obliterated; that it was no wonder the good-natured lively *Fanny* should be greatly diverted with

with the many blunders we made, in our words and actions, during breakfast.

Philario, after having committed twenty ridiculous mistakes, with his tea, his toast, and so on---at which both *Fanny* and I laughed exceedingly; happened to catch me, very gravely, pouring the tea, out of the pot, into the sugar bason, instead of the cup; thereby wasting half a pound of sugar.--This was a victory so complete, that it put a stop to my exultation, and sent *Fanny* out of the room in convulsions.

For God's sake, said I, do let us make our escape out of this house, before we grow entirely ridiculous.

---Produce our bank, and pay the reckoning, said I.---How much have we got left?---

Enough, said *Philario*, for many days to come---shaking his purse, and smiling at the sugar bafon.---I don't think I shall call upon you for any more during our expedition. ---What is here will complete our tour, said *Philario*---ringing the bell for a bill.

Our *Hostess* entering the room with *Fanny*, a great many compliments passed between *Philario* and the lady---while *Fanny* was dispatched for the bill ; which, it seemed, had been already drawn out.

I had my revenge in *Philario's* confusion in settling his accounts---
which

which being finished at last to the satisfaction of all parties; we left the lady and her servants, with strong marks of regret upon their countenances at the loss of us; and proceeded on our expedition.

Our Hostess entering the room with Fanny, a great many compliments passed between Fanny and the lady--while Fanny was dispatched for the bill, which it seemed, had been already drawn out.

I had my revenge in Fanny's confusion in settling his accounts--which

C H A P. LXVIII.

HUZZA! exclaimed *Philario*,
 as we advanced upon the
 brow of a fine green field, from
 whence the prospect of our jour-
 ney burst upon us with a thousand
 variegated charms.---Huzza! cried
 I, like a frantic being as I was,
 we are going! we are going! said
 I---stepping forward in the most
 furious and ridiculous attitude ima-
 ginable---Huzza! cried *Philario*,
 imitating my gait, and catching
 fire at the warmth of my sensations.
 --We are off! we are off! ex-
 claimed *Philario*.---My little *Phillis*,
 for ever! --- *Lavinia* and *Palemon*
 for

for ever! cried I.---Huzza! exclaimed *Philario*. --- We are going to the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*! cried *Philario*.---*Phillis*, for ever! said I.---*Lavinia*, *Palemon* and *Phillis*, for ever! said I. ---Huzza! roared *Philario*.

By this time we had hurried ourselves out of breath---so we turned back upon the country we were leaving, and made our obeisance to it in a most preposterous manner---bowing our heads down to the ground---and exclaiming, all the while, in the most civil tone of voice imaginable---farewell ye country bumpkins, and your festival! farewell *Almira* and old *Clericus*! and to you, ye miserable philoso-

phers, and much more miserable
Fandric, adieu! --- farewell ye jolly
 loyal farmers! and to you ye fair
 Hostess, and our delightful *Fanny*,
 adieu! adieu! adieu!

Let the grave, and the sedate;
 condemn such frantic joys, and look
 upon them as the rage and folly of
 madmen.---Alas! poor souls, how
 I pity the mind that is never moved
 beyond a settled evenness of tem-
 per ---- which feels every thing alike,
 or, more properly speaking, which
 feels nothing in the world.---Shock-
 ing steadfastness of deportment, and
 of temper, said I---the lot of drones,
 who are formed for the drudgery
 of life---and designed for nothing in
 the universe but to exist---not *live*.

Exquisite

Exquisite frame of mind! exclaimed *Philario*, as we walked down the hill, that like an instrument perfectly in tune, will play most delightful music to every touch of the passions.----What are these fields, those hills, those vallies, and yonder woods, but the springs which set our feelings in motion, and urge us to raptures more musical than the songs of seraphs!

And what were the shouts of *Philario* and the *Trifler*, gentle reader, but an exultation of heart, which was derived from the harmony of their feelings, with the glorious objects that the country presented to their view?---and what must you be, gentle reader, if you, unhappily, cannot

bear

bear witness to these sensations, when such intoxicating charms burst upon you, of a sudden, and before you are sufficiently apprized of their bewitching powers?

Air and exercise, is the finest thing in the world, said *Philario*, getting over a stile---how soon it has recovered us!---I find myself perfectly reanimated---and you seem to be absolutely revived.

Quite so, *Philario*, said I---and now my mind runs upon nothing but the joys of this jaunt---and, in particular, the wedding of *Palemon* promises such a field for my whimsical imagination to display itself in, that I am fired with impatience to get to the Mansion-house.--I long to see

see my little *Phillis* again with an ardour bordering upon phrensy.

You are grown very fond of the ladies, said *Philario*, since yesterday morning.----Pray how many weeping damsels do you intend to leave in the country, bemoaning the loss of you, and plaguing you to death with their solicitations?---But, first of all, tell me how many nymphs do now bewail your absence, and wait with impatience for your return?

Not one, by Jupiter! said I---for amongst half a dozen young women that I am acquainted with, I have not advanced, in the course of five years, any farther than to such exchange of civilities, when I pass them in the street, as, “How do you do,
“sir?”

“fir?” and, “How do you do,
“ma’am?” and so forth.

Why, that’s as I thought, said *Philario*, for I never observed you much in company with the women.

No---*Philario*---said I---and yet, to tell you the truth, I am exceedingly enamoured of about four out of the half-dozen I mentioned---and the progress of my various amours is too interesting to be passed over in silence.---But as we have no time for prolixity, I will give you only one instance, and leave you to judge of the rest.

I remember, about four years ago, I was in company with a very fine young lady, whose person, and whose manner, struck me prodigiously---

and,

and, for three years, I always bowed to her as she passed me in the street. ---But, the beginning of this year, I advanced so far as to accompany my obeisance with, "How do you do, "ma'am?"---and have ever since received in return, upon these occasions, "Very well, thank you, sir---" "I hope you are very well."---Now, what I would wish to learn of you, as you are excellent at calculations, is, how long, at this rate, it will be before I shall grow, in any tolerable degree, familiar with her?---

In about two years more, said *Philario*, you, perhaps, may adventure to stop at her window---tell her it is a very fine day---be suddenly deprived of the faculty of speech---

go away from her like a fool---lose more ground in five minutes, than you had gained in as many years---and have all the work to do over again.---In five years more, continued *Philario*, a lucky chance may bring you into her company ; and, by great good fortune, you may, possibly, take her by the hand.---In five more you may turn *dangler*, and parade with her about the town.---In five more you may turn *dotard*, and profess your passion for her.---And, in five more, just when you are advanced so far in this amour, as to run the risk of attacking her lips, you may be blest with one *kiss* of the charmer, as you are tumbling into eternity !

This

This is glorious ! said I----and
 worthy all the tedious length of
 years, which you prognosticate it
 will take me in getting the possession
 of her lips !---to have one *kiss*, be-
 fore I die, will compensate for an
 age of the most assiduous courtship !
 ---I am content, said I---I am con-
 tent---and I flew over a stile, which
 stood in my way, like a victorious
 gallant as I was !

C H A P. LXIX.

THUS were we talking of a thousand ridiculous things, and walking gently along the sweetest lanes in the world, happy and delighted with every thing about us; when, of a sudden, a storm arose, and obliged us to take shelter under a tree.

It happened that we were in the neighbourhood of a set of the country gentry---and whether they had a general *rout* amongst them, or what was the cause, I cannot tell, but their coaches passed us frequently; and we had the mortification to perceive that these sons and daughters
of

of ease and affluence took not the least notice of us.

Philario was exceedingly angry at a coachful of ladies, so extremely lofty, that they had buried their feelings in their pride-----otherwise, such ludicrous objects as we were, exposed to the cruelty of a pelting storm, and fixed under the feeble shelter of a tree, must have affected them.----But----no----they passed us without deigning to stir a muscle.----And I dare say they would not have sunk themselves into the condescension of a smile for the universe !

Philario consoled himself exceedingly in their being *darned* ugly, as he called them--and was ex-

extremely happy with being laughed at by three beautiful girls in a hired post-chaise, who behaved upon the occasion as nature dictated.

The storm increasing with excessive violence, we could not maintain our post any longer.---The rain battered through a venerable oak, that strove with his spreading arms to defend us, in such large drops, that our necks were wet, and we were thrown into confusion.---We became desperate---and, in a fit of despair, we left our situation with imprecations, and flew along the lane like men pursued by furies.

As good luck would have it, we soon found a friendly old barn, which received us, under an ancient shed that

that stood at the front of it, with much benignity. --- And here we were in a terrible fuss---we were out of breath---we were wet and uncomfortable --- we wiped our arms with our handkerchiefs---and cursed the want of hospitality in a gentleman, whose house directly fronted us.---*Philario* grew exceedingly sple- netic---and swore that his country contained the most inhospitable scoundrels in the world ---- and that in France before this time, we should have had twenty coaches after us, and a thousand offers of civility:---- and I'll lay any man five guineas, con- tinued *Philario*, wiping his breeches with his handkerchief, that, if the owner of the house before us was to perceive us, he would turn his

face another way, and walk into the stables, to avoid any occasion that might oblige him to shelter us.

In this temper *Philario*, for there was no stopping him, threw out many severe sarcasms at the pride and meanness of the rich.

The Lord help the man, said *Philario*, putting his hand within his coat to feel if his shirt-sleeve was wet, that depends upon the favours of the great.---For they have gotten, now-a-days, the finest method in the world to secure their possessions from the attacks of humble suitors.---They make it, now, said *Philario*, a general and indispensable rule amongst them, to give a flat denial to every solicitation.---“No---we never

do

do these things, fir---we cannot break in upon our predeterminations, never to grant things of this sort---other-wise we should be glad to serve you, fir"---and so on---when, at the same time, this lofty language, continued *Philario*, is nothing in the world but a pitiful plea to keep their Money, and cover their Meanness.

The weather clearing up, together with our tempers, we proceeded on our march---and found the country delightful after the rain--which had shed a delicious fragrance over the fields, and had given a brilliancy to every object.---- We hugged ourselves in having the power of enjoying the blessings before us, and treated with ineffable disdain the slavish rites and ceremonies of the great.

My Lord, said *Philario*, durst no more take such a walk as this--- though his natural inclinations led him to it, as much as ours do, than he durst hang himself.---It would be out of all rule!---It would be out of all order!---He would be condemned, to all intents and purposes, as a preposterous animal!---

Then I will do much worse for him, said I---for I will condemn him to his prison-house of parade and of folly---while we enjoy Liberty in the highest and most delightful sense of the word.

By this time we had walked upwards of five miles, and were not a mile from a Country Town where

we

we intended to dine.---We were inveigled, by a Master of Iron, into a Forge---the dreadful enginery of which shocked us.---We left it in disgust---and pitied the violence offered to human nature, that her sons should be made such dirty, laborious, disagreeable slaves of.---We shuddered at the very sight of these Furnaces afterwards---and considered them as the regions of the infernals.

Philario happening to be got at some distance before me, looking at some women, who were diverting themselves with the rustic amusements of the season, was suddenly surrounded by these hoidens, who had joined their hands for the pur-

pose, and were dancing about him, with loud and discordant plaudits at their own sagacity, and the distress into which they had thrown our hero.---But *Philario* kept his temper much better than I expected he would do, until the women insisted upon having a kiss apiece before they parted with him.---This, no man could have an objection to---but then *Philario*, I perceived, did not like to be ravished---and, to be sure, the ladies, themselves, were none of the most tempting objects, otherwise they probably would not have been so lavish of their favours.---*Philario* was obliged, however, to undergo the painful operation, which he did with a very evil grace; and the women let him pass, with many awkward

ward courtesies and grimaces at the rueful figure he made in the adventure.

I began to tremble for myself, as soon as the women had dismissed my companion; but I found that I was not an object for the ladies---and that I did not suit their taste at all---so I got clear off the ground unmolested.

And now it was that we entered the Country Town before-mentioned, and joined a fellow with a barrel-organ upon his back---who, by turning a windlass, caused it to play most delightful music before us as we walked along the streets.---We were accompanied, in this extraordinary parade, by a joyful crowd of happy

school-

school-boys; who, if possible, were more diverted than ourselves.

In this order, and with such attendance, and in the highest spirits, did we march up the town to our inn—on the entrance of which, we waved our hats, as the lads gave us a parting shout; and called, with much dignity in our deportment, for the waiters of the house to shew us a room, and prepare such refreshment as we should think proper.

To give such a place as this some consequence, you must have a set of small gentry; whom you will find to be excessively proud, that there will be no reaching the helm of their governments with a pole.

The

C H A P. LXX.

I Don't think there can be a more ludicrous object in nature than a Country Town---by which I mean a small town, rather remote from any connections with society, free from any considerable manufactory, and in which the inhabitants are obliged to draw all their amusements from amongst one another.

To give such a place as this some consequence, you must have a set of *small gentry*; whom you will find so excessively proud, that there will be no reaching the hem of their garments with a *pole*.

The

The amusements of these lofty creatures consist in visiting—in the management of which the strictest ceremony is preserved—and the misplacing of a pin upon a tucker, or a lady at the table, respecting the nicest precedency, for which there is an everlasting struggle; would create dissensions among them for half a century.

In these visits, the absent are the objects of much pernicious scandal; and are sure to receive inconscionable strokes of the most malicious censure ---- which, however, are amply repaid, by the abused, as the circle of these visits goes round.

Their *balls* and *card-assemblies*, serve only to keep alive that unnatural

tural spirit of disgust and aversion, which they have for each other; and which is excited by the folly of pre- cedency, and supported by the vices of pride and envy.

It is laughable enough to see, upon these occasions, an elderly lady of the first consequence in the place, stalk, with a magnificent air, to the top of the room---courtseying to all, as she passes, with a con- descension most astonishingly signi- ficant---and her whole family follow- ing her steps, aping her importance, and erecting themselves into figures of absolute command, as they take their stand at the summit of pre- eminence; while the envious, sur- rounding fair-ones, are glancing such wicked

wicked flashes of spite and resentment at one another, from their killing eyes, that you would swear a good match of *cap-pulling* would go down with them much better than any thing in this world, were it not for the sad effect such an affair would have upon their reputations.

The idle curiosity, and the vain pursuits of the inhabitants of a Country Town, whose notions and knowledge are concentrated within themselves, are truly ridiculous.--- Having no communication with the world, nor any enlarged conceptions respecting the universal assemblage of various characters ; they know nothing but what concerns the actions of each other---which to them

is of the highest importance, and the sole business of their lives. And as, in this limited and inactive state, the mind is too apt to contract the worst of prejudices, you will always find these creatures, the most obstinate, calumnious, and illiberal wretches upon the face of the earth.

Human nature seems to be in fetters, and ashamed of herself, in such a situation as this; for she exhibits nothing but her posteriors --- which are most abominably besmeared.

It is extremely pleasant to observe the simple pursuits of the inhabitants of a Country Town.---Their silly curiosity---their reflections upon one another---their exact knowledge of the

the general deportment, or actions, of each individual. --- Their surprise at any effort, of any person among them, out of the common track---such as their astonishment at any motions but to the ale-house, the bowling-green, the morning ride, or walk---and so on.----Any thing not in the common detail of manœuvres, raises the greatest consternation---and draws the neighbourhood from their windows of observation, to consult, in parties, upon the matter.----They know, to a minute, when such-a-one goes to his field, his shop, or the mug-house---but if he happen to deceive his brother observers, in something out of the common way---such as being mounted upon a horse, when he was expected

expected to walk---or in going to his garden, when he was expected at the pot-house ; they cannot think what the devil is the matter ; and puzzle their brains, most unmercifully, to find out the cause of such an astonishing change of conduct.

When they get over their ale, which they drink in small quantities, but repeatedly, and at stated times ; you would expect that they loved one another---being so anxious, as I said before, in their enquiries concerning each individual.---But, indeed, it is no such thing.---For, when any misfortune befalls an old friend and companion, though they may shake their heads, yet they console themselves in the idea of their

own prosperity; and throw all the blame upon the Man, not upon his Misfortune:--because it would, you know, be a great pity they should, by commiserating the Man, draw themselves into the least danger of being solicited to help him out of his Distress.

A society of particular friends, of this stamp, who meet at the ale-house every day together, hate one another most cordially--are ever abusing one another behind their backs--and will snap each other's noses off, upon every occasion, when any little pique arises amongst them.---They generally form the centre of ill fame--where every character, and particularly every worthy one, is

is sure to be traduced.--Falsehood and calumny ever meet with a cordial reception among these mug-house gentry, who are, in general, the most idle and pernicious reptiles in the world.

They decide upon every matter in life, either of a public or private nature, in the same manner as if the whole world was under their guidance:--When, alas!--they are known no farther than the trifling circle of their own fire sides, and an adjoining ale-house.--What little knowledge of the world, and its affairs, these people acquire, is from the newspapers; which they cuff over with great sagacity, and always make it out that every body is wrong but

themselves ---- and, more especially, that the Prime Minister is the greatest fool in the kingdom.

The sentiments and opinions of these people being contemptible, their approbation is a disgrace, and their dislike a token of merit in the person whom they would condemn.

I have often been diverted, in my speculative rambles among these savages, with the behaviour of a pert shop-keeper, when he so completely dashes, armed Cap-à-pé, into the company of strangers ; particularly, when two or three of them are together.---How they strut and talk! ---and what witticisms they ape at! ---what fondness do they discover for their own dear selves, as well
their

their persons as their remarks!---how they laugh at their own conceits!---how gay, lively, clever, and sensible they are!---with what quickness of apprehension do they decide upon the merits of all public diversions, public performers, and publications; while you are puzzled to death to distinguish their various merits and imperfections!----how shocking do these creatures appear to a man of knowledge!---intolerable!

Men of sense never attempt to *shew* it in general company; but appear humble, pacific, and indifferent.---Men of no sense always affect to appear wise--for this reason---because they have nothing but

appearances to support them in their fruitless attempts to impose upon mankind.

Men of consequence appear without the affectation of importance--- the genuine tokens naturally accompany them, without any fuss about the matter.--Men of no consequence, if they would appear such, which most men attempt to do; discover, by their impertinence, that they are the dregs of society.

Forwardness and malapertness, indicate the upstart and the fool--- modesty and diffidence, the man of worth and sentiment.

---Quaint expressions, indefinite terms, and circumlocution, indicate
the

the man of few ideas---conciseness, vigorous expressions, and forcible representation, the man of a comprehensive and discerning mind.

The first talks a great deal--but says nothing--while the latter carries conviction in every word.---In the first you know not where you are---in the latter all is right, and you are satisfied.

C H A P. LXXI.

BEFORE we set out upon our ramble, we had sent to the principal places in our intended route, clean linen, and such necessities as would conduce to make us comfortable:--- so that as soon as we had entered the present inn, we were supplied with every thing we wanted.

On finding that there would be an ordinary, in about an hour after our arrival, and making it a rule, in this expedition, to get as much among the people as we could, we agreed to join the company at dinner---

ner---and employed ourselves, in the mean time, with the delightful task, particularly after exercise, of dressing.

In this refreshing business, I had got the start of *Philario*, and was amusing myself in taking down the minutes of our morning walk, in a memorandum book which I carried for the purpose, at the time that *Philario* was under the hands of his barber---and just as I had committed to paper the last of the incoherent observations, which immediately precede this chapter, I cast my eyes upon the scraper of chins; who, to my astonishment, and the eternal disgrace of *Philario*, had gotten him fast by the nose.

The

The ridiculous figure our hero cut, with a cloth tucked under his shirt collar, a clout upon his shoulder, and a fellow with his thumb and finger pinching the end of his nose ; pressed so closely, and so suddenly, upon my imagination, that I burst into a loud laugh, instantaneously, and gave the table, at the same time, a violent rap with my hand.

This sudden clamour frightened the barber out of his wits --- who, thinking the devil was come, lost the even flow of his razor, and, with a sudden jerk, whipt a piece of flesh off the chin of *Philario*.

Our hero, feeling himself wounded, started up in a dreadful passion, seized

feized the poor fellow by the collar, and shook him most unmercifully--- but finding no resistance in the man, his temper cooled of itself; and he suffered the barber to finish his business, and to put upon the wound a bit of sticking-plaister, which our kind Hostess did prepare, and which we all judged, with much sorrow in our countenances, was quite sufficient for the purpose.

In good truth, a barber is terrible! you are under the hands of the executioner. --- He considers your head as a block---and makes as free with it, and your hair, as he does with his own wooden one, and a periwig.---It is a miserable operation; and always puts one in mind of having one's throat cut.

Philaris

Pedlar being fitted out at last, and the time being arrived, when we had been made to expect some refreshment, we began to grow impatient for our dinner; and went into the dining-room to take a view of the company, and hasten the waiters in their operations.

We found, in that room, a set of melancholy, gaping, restless countenances --- all representing impatience, and longing appetites; with ardent wishes that the devil might take the people for not bringing in the dinner.---The company stared, with a kind of heedless vacancy, at each other---scarcely administering the least civility or comfort, but all joining most cordially in imprecations

tions against the house for delaying the dinner. ---- At last, the sight of a rump of beef brightened up the countenance of every man in the room---and we blessed the waiters most heartily, as they placed the rest of the dishes upon the table.

We now became very serious--- business, you know, must be minded. ---Nothing passed but unwelcome solicitations to be helped from the different dishes upon the table; which were received by those who had enough to do to mind their own affairs---and executed with much dispatch and carelessness.---We grew, however, as our appetites became cloyed, more civil--- and when we had

had partaken of every thing we liked, we were extremely complaisant; and very ready, there being no occasion, to assist one another. --- We had now time to drink the health of each individual; and much clamour and confusion ensued. In short we grew very jolly, and very friendly---and although half an hour ago, we might be wishing one another in purgatory, I do believe we felt in our hearts, at this time, and through the workings of a good dinner, all the urbanity and goodwill which could be expected from a race of mortals, whose dispositions depend so much upon the temperature of their bodies.

This company consisted of some independent gentlemen of the town
and

and its neighbourhood, who diked a tavern way of life--and a few travellers for orders among the mercers and haberdashers in the country.---The latter of whom, after drinking their glasses, and paying their share of the reckoning, and giving us a specimen of the different dialects of the Scotch, Welch, and for on, clapped their parcels of patterns under their arms, and issued forth into the streets, to solicit, with great humility, their haughty customers for business.

Our conversation after dinner consisted, as usual in these cases, of various matters ; and, at last, centred in the prevailing topic of political disputation.

A very intelligent gentleman told us many anecdotes of the town--and, in particular, those which related to the dissensions among the people, in consequence of our war with America.—He assured us the opposition to government had sunk itself totally into that dark abyss from whence it originated; and that none of his countrymen, except the *Fanatics*, were in the least dissatisfied with administration.--But he observed that the *Fanatics* were numerous, and indefatigable in their endeavours to poison the loyalty of the people, and to clog every wheel which administered to the regular subordination in the state----He said that they attempted to get every petty office of
the

the parish into their possession---and when they failed, they would not leave one stone unturned to render the regular course of law contemptible, and of no effect.----Thus were their disappointments, in trivial matters, attended with the same splenetic obstinacy, as was their opposition to the government at large.---He told us that in affairs of less consequence, if possible, than the above, they were ever at variance with the public:--for that nothing could be attempted by the friends of government, but they would oppose.----Nay, that they had gone to such a ridiculous extremity, as to charge the parish officers, who were men of sound minds and friends to the king, with a breach of the constitution

for building a new Pinfold, in a more convenient situation than the last--that the *Fanatics* had contumaciously repaired the old one, and were continually pounding all the Sheep, Calves, and Asses in the country--and that these troublesome animals kept up such a constant *bleating, blattering, and braying*, as to throw the neighbourhood into the utmost confusion and distress.

Where these things will end, the Lord knows! said the gentleman---and he rang the bell for a bill---which being adjusted, we took our leave of him and his companions, and departed.

In sallying forth from the gateway of the inn, in the highest spirits,

we

we observed a gentleman get out of a chaise, in a melancholy condition ; which that method of travelling, for any distance, always throws the mind into.---He was gaping, yawning, low-spirited, flat, and nervous.---Lassitude, uneasiness, and dulness, overwhelmed him.---We cursed the chaise, and blessed our limbs and our vivacity.

CHAP. LXXII.

AS we are now advancing to the consummation of the delights of our walk, it will not be amiss to usher it in, with such observations upon the Nightingale as she would permit me to make, during our stay with *Palemon*, and the remaining part of our ramble; as well as a few remarks upon the country where that gentleman resided.

The Nightingale is a very shy bird.--It depends much upon the softness of the weather to hear her --so that when you go for that purpose only, into a country where she

is to be found, the least change of the air from genial to cold will probably prevent the pleasure.---If you chance in bad weather to hear her, which will be perhaps in the day time, or on the close of the evening, she will only twitter; she will not vent her soul in her rapturous melody.

Her notes are short touches, with intervals, somewhat in the way of the thrush--but so masterly, that they always put me in mind, when I think of other birds, of the execution of a Giardini, or a Gabrielli, in contradistinction to a teaser of catgut, or a psalm-finger.---So rapid! so thrilling! such velocity!---such sudden changes from the slow--the

soft--the mellow--to the rapid and shuddering trill!--so inexplicable! so fascinating! that once taken notice of, you never forget any of her notes--but a single touch of her is sufficient to make her known, and to distinguish her from all other birds.

You catch her tones now and then--she throws you into extacy--but always disappoints you--because you can never have enough of her--and she is so apt to fly your solicitations, as to be disturbed by even a breath of wind.--But in the night, when every thing is quiet, and nature is in a perfect repose, you may draw near to her, and she will indulge you with all her charms.

What

What a contrast between the delicate nightly amusements of this bird, that charms all hearers; and the rude nocturnal revels of man!

The Nightingale seems to delight in elegant gardens, upon a declivity, rather inclining to low grounds—where the reed sparrow is found—but not so much in the bogs.—She likes woods upon a declivity, not upon mountainous scenes, nor in marshes, but between both.—Where she is heard, it is generally a delightful spot; and she seems to shew her taste as much in the situation she fixes upon for her residence, as she does in the inimitable superiority of her song.

And well might she bless the domains of *Palemon* with her presence, and with the sweetest of her notes -- for on our entering the country where he resided, which we soon arrived at after our departure from dinner, we found it superior in beauty to our most sanguine expectations -- notwithstanding they had been exceedingly raised by the accounts we had heard of it.

Though you had been just perusing the best poetical descriptions of *Paradise*, and of *Elysium*; all the lively traces of their charms would fall before the domains of *Palemon*: -- for they presented us with scenes the most luxuriant ima-

ginable

ginable ;—enchantment and illusion
 all!—the finest parks contemptible
 in comparison to these scenes!—
 humble, very humble imitations of
 them!—you might live a life of ex-
 tacy in exploring their beauties ;
 and never feel a relaxation in your
 joys!—hills intermingled---vallies
 inexhaustible---variety everlasting---
 would distract you with pleasure
 and astonishment ; and keep you
 eternally on the rack of raptures
 ineffable !

Though you had been just be-
 While I was standing with *Phila-*
rio, gazing at these delightful scenes,
 and listening to the warblers of the
 woods ; he suddenly started from my
 side-- and with a violent asseveration,
 declared

declared that he heard the Nightingale.

By heavens! it is the Nightingale, said *Philario*.

I flew after him, and placing my elbow upon his shoulder, while my pulse bounced against my breast, and upon the back of my head, with a redoubled violence and velocity; I endeavoured with all my might to catch the notes of the charmer.

We waited some time upon the rack of expectation; while the groves re-echoed with the songs of the blackbird, of the thrush, and all the inferior warblers.--At last, a sudden and quick strain, which was over in

an instant, proclaimed the presence of the Nightingale ;---and though I had never heard one in my life, yet was her note so different from all other birds, and so rapid withal, that I started and swore it was the Nightingale.---

By heavens ! it is the Nightingale, said I---and my heart exulted in the acquisition so violently, that I danced Lady Coventry's Minuet upon the turf, tuning it all the while, in the most ridiculous manner imaginable.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when we first heard her---and as it was at that time when the woods generally ring with the wild music of the feathered choristers, it

was

was impossible to listen to the Nightingale with advantage :---for as she is very shy, and does not give a full scope to her song until a later hour, but only seems to promise, by a few intermitting touches, what she intends to exhibit during the course of the night; we could not, for the lives of us, perfectly distinguish the soft, delicate, melancholy music of her tones, together with the astonishing variety and velocity of her cadences, for the uproar, as it appeared to us then, with which the troublesome blackbirds and thrushes made the woods resound.

Philario desired that we might get nearer to her---for she still, at intervals, gave us such bewitching strokes

as threw us into much agitation :---
 so that I consented, and followed
 him by the side of a hedge, stooping
 and proceeding very cautiously, that
 we might not disturb her, until we
 got close under the grove where
 she sat.

After every tone that she gave us,
Philario wanted to get nearer and
 nearer, while I pressed hard upon his
 heels, creeping under the bushes,
 and chiding him, softly, for the dan-
 ger we ran of driving her away :---
 but she was so shy, and so demure,
 and the rest of the birds were so cla-
 morous, that although every touch
 of her was inexpressibly captivating,
 yet it was imperfect---and we la-
 mented our hard fate, that she would
 not

not gratify the curiosity of a couple of admirers, who had come so far, and through such mighty perils, to hear her.

While we were expostulating in this ridiculous way ---- blessing her when she sung, and cursing her when she was silent--and standing upon a bank by the side of the grove; *Philario*, heedless of his ground, slipped into an adjoining ditch----and catching hold of me to save himself, I very naturally, but compulsively, followed his example----so we both suddenly found ourselves over the shoes in water, and very soon after perceived that the Nightingale had left us to shift for ourselves.

But

But as the minds of those who are ready at expedients, are soon reconciled to every disappointment, we consoled ourselves in the hopes of hearing her to more advantage in the night; and set off with great haste towards the King's-arms; which lay but a mile or two from this scene of action---and to which place the reader will recollect, that *Phillis* had promised to send us an invitation to the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*.

We took occasion as we walked to the inn, to go near to the Mansion-house---and found it a venerable ancient pile, exactly adapted to the genius of the country :---

but

but as we did not chuse to be seen by the family, we stunk away with much circumspection and sagacity.--- We were highly delighted with the country people, who seemed of a different stamp to the rest of mankind; and to bear a resemblance to that simplicity of manners, so much admired in the pastoral descriptions of the poets.

There was a polish in the behaviour of these people that surprised us--and which we attributed to the influence and example of *Palemon* --- who, though a young man, was the father of the country.

Indeed, the preparation which every family was making for the celebration

bration of the nuptials of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*, on the morrow, had, at this time, a vast effect upon the appearance of the people--for there sat smiling upon every countenance, the greatest joy and exultation of heart.

The nymphs and swains, were braiding their locks, and admiring the dresses in which they were to attend the procession to the church--the old people seemed to bless themselves, and to be particularly thankful to the Deity, that he would permit them to live to see the happy day----while the "harmony of the steeple" announced the approaching festival.

The consideration of the promised joys of the next day, made us hasten

our steps towards the King's-arms, in order to find if we were to be of the party--which was very true--for on our arrival at the inn, we received a polite command, from *Palemon* and *Pbillis*, to join the rural assembly, early in the morning; --and to consider ourselves as bound, by the congeniality of our pursuits, with those of *Palemon* and his votaries, to take up our residence at the Mansion-house, until we were tired of their company, or that they could not furnish us with such kind of pleasures to which we were mostly inclined.

If this be the case, said *Philario*, we shall stay at the Mansion-house until doomsday.

We

We found the King's-arms to be a very good inn, by the side of a considerable eminence.—There was a large bowling-green behind the house---which commanded an extensive prospect.—A fine hanging wood ran up the hill, from the back of the bowling-green---and an elegant summer-house was situated so pleasantly at one corner of the green, that we determined to spend the evening in it.

The twilight had scarce given place to the moon, before the Nightingales began to ravish us with their melodious strains---and as it was a most delightful night, they made the woods echo with their notes.

After we had listened to them for an hour, wrapt in that silence which denotes the greatest enjoyment, or the most intense cogitation ; *Philario* espied a French-horn hanging upon a cloak-pin in the room --- and being an excellent player upon that instrument, he took it to the farther end of the bowling-green, and began to breathe out of it some slow and mellow tones exactly in concord with the stillness of the night, and the occasion.

The Nightingales, so far from being offended at the soft touches of the horn, seemed to listen for a few minutes, and then strained their little

the throats in the accompaniment : while a lady, who had been enjoying the evening at her chamber window, sent forth such melting tones from her tuneful voice, as quite intoxicated me with rapture.---They were tones that came directly to the heart, and set the affections in motion.---If we may compare singing to speaking, they were like the pathetic touches of Younge, when she ravishes the heart with the tremulous accents of distress :---when the music of her voice accords so exactly with our affections, that we dissolve into the tears of delight.

The melancholy music of the Nightingales---of the horn---of the lady---

lady--and of some tinkling bells at a distance--together with the sight of the lunar orb, spreading her mild influence over the earth, and the starry firmament--as well as the thoughts of *Phyllis's* invitation, and the promised joys of the next day, which suddenly pressed upon my imagination---overwhelmed me in unspeakable transports ; and I sunk down, with my head upon the table before me, entirely overpowered with the violence of my feelings.

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END OF VOL. IV.

lady--and of some tinkling bells at
 a distance--together with the sight
 of the lunar orb, spreading her mild
 influence over the earth, and the
 starry firmament--as well as the
 thoughts of Fanny's invitation, and
 the promised joys of the next day,
 which suddenly pressed upon my
 imagination--overwhelmed me in
 unspeakable transports; and I sunk
 down, with my head upon the table
 before me, entirely overpowered
 with the violence of my feelings.

END OF VOL. IV.